

The Bradley testimony

The third round of the Senate investigation into General MacArthur's dismissal opened on Wednesday, May 16. During the course of his first morning's testimony General Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, gave the most succinct criticism of MacArthur's proposed Korean war strategy: "In the opinion of the Joint Chiefs, this strategy would involve us in the wrong war, at the wrong time, at the wrong place and with the wrong enemy." The proceedings twice threatened to grind to an angry stop. On the very first day Republican Senators pressured Bradley to divulge his confidential conversations with the President. The General very properly refused and was upheld 18 to 8 by the committees. May 22, on his fourth day, Bradley declared that the prolonged investigation was endangering the country because he was being forced to make military disclosures which might even "incite" Russia to an attack. Senator Tobey (R., N.H.) was all for calling the whole thing off: "Let us get on to ourselves and be strong and forget the little piddling stuff and the gratification of asking questions and mixing up the gears." The investigation had unquestionably lost its original high tone of fairness and impartiality. General MacArthur had been treated, by Democrat and Republican alike, with a consideration amounting to veneration. Though Generals Bradley and Marshall are just as devoted to the welfare of the country, they have been treated very shabbily on occasion. Are the critics beginning to feel frustrated? It looks that way.

Dean Rusk changes his mind

Has the State Department formally dropped its "wait for the dust to settle in China" policy? If Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, speaks with authority, it apparently has. On May 18 Mr. Rusk spoke in New York at the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of the China Institute in America. John Foster Dulles, the President's special envoy to negotiate a Japanese peace treaty, and Senator Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.) also shared the speaker's dais. Rusk said 1) that the Peiping regime was a mere colonial satellite of Moscow, 2) that this Government would not recognize Red China, 3) that the United States would vigorously oppose Red China's entry into the UN, 4) that the Chinese Nationalist regime on Formosa, the "authentic" Government of China, could expect increased help from the United States and 5) that the Chinese people who desired to throw off Stalin's yoke could hope for assistance. Such statements as these mark a complete reversal of the policies indicated in the famous White Paper of August, 1949. In fact, there can be no better barometer to gauge the changing State Department mind than the speeches of Dean Rusk himself, as reported in Freda Uteley's latest book, *The China Story*. As late as June 14, 1950 Mr. Rusk told the World Affairs Council at the University of Pennsylvania that the Chinese "revolution" was not "Russian in essence" and "does not aim at dictator-

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ship." To him the Chinese Communist was made of the same warp and woof as the typical American liberal. Even as late as last November he stated that it was impossible to tell whether the Communist intervention in Korea was part of a world-wide pattern of aggression. "We do not know the real explanation." Apparently the "real explanation" has finally filtered through. Or is the State Department merely rolling with the MacArthur punches? In a humpty-dumpty statement on May 23, Secretary of State Dean Acheson tried to "correct" this "interpretation" of what Rusk said. The Assistant Secretary, said Acheson, was "merely restating well-known matters of policy." He refused to question Rusk's "literary composition." State's officials seem to be losing track of each other.

Who should represent China?

Senator H. Alexander Smith (R., N.J.) pulled Secretary of Defense Marshall into deep water during the congressional hearings when he asked him if he believed that the United States should veto the seating of Red China in the UN. The General should have ducked the question on the ground that it was not one for him to decide. Instead, he strongly advocated using the veto, thus apparently contravening the Administration's long-standing policy against its use in this case. AMERICA favored using the veto against Red China last August ("Must we avoid the veto?" AM. 8/12/50, p. 485) and we favor it more strongly now. It is quite possible that General Marshall's personal imprudence may turn out to be a *felix culpa*. Already it has focused attention on a supremely important issue. Is the Peiping regime now the legitimate government of the Republic of China, with the right to replace the Nationalist delegation now representing that Republic in the UN? Or is it a new state, which must seek admission as such? If it is the former, the seating of its delegation is a procedural matter, and can be prevented only by the extraordinary device known as the "double veto" by which a permanent member of the Security Council excludes an item from the agenda by insisting that the very question of its discussion is a matter of substance. If Red China is a new state, its admission is subject to a simple veto. In either case, Mao's regime must be vetoed if this is the only way to keep thugs out of the UN.

Britain's note to Iran

On May 19 Britain made public the text of her note to the Iranian Government on Iran's oil nationalization bill (AM. 5/26, p. 205). It warned Iran that any attempt to expropriate Britain's oil concessions without negotiations would have "the most serious consequences." Iran's answer, voiced by Premier Mohammed Mossadegh's closest associate, was: "It's just the same old nonsense. We've heard all that before." Britain's note attempted to clarify her position in the dispute. His Majesty's Government has no objection to a sovereign country nationalizing the commercial enterprises which are carried on within its borders. That is not the point at issue. Neither is the amount of compensation a nation should pay in return for the expropriation of such foreign-owned concessions. What bothers Britain is Iran's violation of international contract. In 1933 the Iranian Government signed an agreement with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The agreement was ratified by Iran's Parliament and thus became law. It provided 1) that AIOC's contract with the Iranian Government would never be altered by unilateral action and 2) that all future disputes would be settled by arbitration if every other method failed. In complete disregard of the 1933 agreement, Iran has plunged ahead and passed a nationalization law in spite of Britain's legitimate protests, in spite, too, of every attempt to persuade the Government of Iran to bring its grievances to a conference table.

... common sense might still win

Following the receipt of Britain's note, Hussein Makki, secretary general of Dr. Mossadegh's National Front party, lashed out violently at both Britain and the United States. To our State Department's warning of the "serious effects of any unilateral cancellation" of Iran's contracts with AIOC, Makki replied: "the United States is pushing us toward communism and revolution." As a matter of fact, if revolution and a Communist coup do come to Iran, the fault will more likely lie with Iran's present intransigent political leaders. The 70,000 Iranian workers employed by AIOC are reportedly more aware than their nationalistic leaders of the possibility of complete economic collapse in the country should their Government move to take over the oil fields. They are apprehensive of nationalization. Their jobs are at stake. So is the nation's

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revenue. For Britain, though she will be reluctant to play it, holds the trump card in the game—economic sanctions and withdrawal from Iran. That country, whose civil servants even now have gone two months without pay, could not afford to lose 43 per cent of its yearly revenue. To add to the uncertainty of the future, the United States has made it clear that no American technicians would replace the British. Iran cannot work the oil fields unaided. She lacks the capital, the properly trained personnel and the international combine necessary to market the oil. The situation is not yet irretrievable. Britain is prepared to send a mission to Iran to discuss the terms of a new contract. Iran would do well to heed the British proposal and submit to an equitable agreement.

How liberal is the Nation?

No small stir has been caused in liberal circles by the *Nation's* libel suit against the *New Leader* for publishing a letter by Clement Greenberg accusing J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Editor of the *Nation*, of consistently following the Communist party line (AM. 4/14 p. 29). To date the *New Leader* has published thirty-three letters on the subject, all but one in favor of Mr. Greenberg. Six had first been sent to the *Nation*, which refused to publish them. Though Freda Kirchwey, Editor of the *Nation*, found Mr. Greenberg's letter "clearly false and defamatory," Richard H. Rovere, former *Nation* editorial writer, thought his opinions "penetrating and accurate" and praised his "admirable restraint." Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., associate professor of history at Harvard, called the Greenberg letter "good-tempered and sensible." The repercussions were not all merely verbal. Reinhold Niebuhr, prominent Protestant theologian and for fifteen years a staff contributor, and Robert Bendiner, a Contributing Editor and former Managing Editor, asked Miss Kirchwey to remove their names from the masthead. Consensus among the liberals seemed to be that a magazine calling itself liberal should be able to take criticism as well as to dish it out.

How price controls on beef work

A good many housewives appear to be dissatisfied with the first two weeks of Mr. DiSalle's controls on beef prices. Their meat bill is just as big as ever. If they are paying less for certain cuts, as they are, they are paying more for others, notably sirloin steaks. Having browsed through the regulations, we can assure housewives that everything is going according to plan. When dollars-and-cents ceilings went into effect on May 9, the Office of Price Stabilization announced that there would be little immediate saving to the consumer. Increases granted to packers and wholesalers, who had been squeezed by the price freeze last January, would just about cancel out the rollbacks. The consumer must wait for relief until October, when, if everything goes well, he will be paying about nine or ten cents a pound less than he is paying now. That will mean beef prices only a little higher than pre-

Korea levels. Here is the way it will work out. On May 21, slaughterers were ordered to pay no more than 90 per cent of the price for cattle which they paid on April 28. On August 1, they will pay 4.5 per cent less than the May 21 price, and on October 1, 4.5 per cent less than the August 1 price. The last two reductions will be passed along to the consumer. It should be noted that there is no ceiling on the price cattlemen can try to charge for their steers. The success of the plan hinges on keeping meat in legitimate channels, that is, in forcing cattlemen to sell only to Federally-licensed slaughterers, who *are* restricted in the prices they can pay.

... threat of sabotage

The reaction of growers and packers to the new price rules on beef continues to be deplorable. In the week preceding the first rollback, their spokesmen descended on Washington and set about threatening everybody concerned. Though the rugged individualists who breed cattle, and the equally rugged individualists who feed them, can count on a price, after all rollbacks, comfortably above the parity level, industry leaders bluntly predicted that Mr. DiSalle's curbs would fail. Without the least semblance of shame, they saw ahead nothing but artificial shortages and flourishing black markets. They did not argue that the price regulations were full of flaws, that the wrong base dates had been chosen for the rollbacks, that one part of the industry had been favored over another. They argued quite simply that the controls would not work because too many men in the business would not permit them to work. Cattlemen would provide all the meat people wanted but only if they were allowed to charge whatever the traffic would bear. To ask them to do otherwise, to make some sacrifice for the general welfare, was unreasonable and impractical. Confronted with the delinquency of an entire industry, which many members of Congress scandalously abetted, Price Administrator DiSalle refused to budge an inch. To a reporter inquiring what would happen if the cattle interests carried out their threats, he said very simply: "We will not repeal the beef order." In taking this stand Mr. DiSalle deserves the support of all of us.

Draft for Civil Defense?

Top men in the Civil Defense Administration do not agree on the number needed for an adequate civil defense force. Millard F. Caldwell, Civil Defense Administrator, said on February 23, that the U. S. civil-defense plan calls for a total of 20 million trained persons. On May 7 his Deputy Administrator told the Civil Defense Conference in Washington's Statler Hotel that 15 million would be needed. What really concerns us is the revelation by the Deputy Administrator, James J. Wadsworth, that only 500,000 citizens have volunteered throughout the country for civil defense. Urgent appeals are now being made for more volunteers. New York City officials called for a million on April 28. What to do? The New York State Civil Defense law provides

that New York City may resort to conscription if volunteers are not enrolled at the rate of 25 per cent of the city quota within three months, 50 per cent within six months, 75 per cent within twelve months. Murray S. Levine, Chairman of the New York Committee on Atomic Information and an *AMERICA* contributor, has what appears to be a sounder plan. At two congressional hearings last year he suggested that the Selective Service system be used to fill up the civilian defense force. After total registration, as in World War II, the draft boards would have available the names and occupations of every individual in their community. A special questionnaire could be used to determine their qualifications for civil defense work. Mr. Levine contends that nothing more than a minor amendment of the Selective Service Act, specifying "civil defense" as one of the "purposes of the Act," is needed.

Rubbery wage ceiling

Technically, the first decision of the reconstituted Wage Stabilization Board—in the case of the meat packing workers—did not violate the 10-per-cent rule laid down by the old board in its Regulation No. 6. That regulation, which was one of the reasons why organized labor walked out on the mobilization agencies last February, stipulates that employers are free to up wages 10 per cent over the level prevailing January 15, 1950. Since the nine-cent increase approved on May 18 for the meat-packing workers comes to slightly more than 14 per cent over the January level, some headline writers announced that the old ceiling had been pierced. They wrote too quickly, forgetting another WSB regulation, Regulation No. 8, which permits wage increases granted under escalator clauses in union contracts, provided the clauses were negotiated before January 25, 1951. Since the 9-cent increase of the packinghouse workers was negotiated under a wage-reopening clause going back to August, 1950, the public and labor members of the board argued that this could be considered another type of escalator agreement. They did concede, though, that their decision "looks in the direction of a general policy." The shape of that general policy is readily discernible. Wages during the mobilization effort will be permitted to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

A union blunders

For a classic example of union stupidity, consider the case of the Hart Delicatessen in Manhattan's East Fifties. A little more than a year ago, the owner of this small establishment signed a contract with a local of the AFL Retail Food Clerks and was promptly provided with a union clerk. When, after several months, the clerk quit, the owner decided that, business being slow, he and his wife could run the store without extra help. The union did not contest this decision, but when the original contract expired, insisted that the employer renew it. The union wanted to be certain that if the delicatessen owner should again employ outside help, he would hire a union clerk. Not having any employees,

the owner demurred, claiming that he had nothing to contract about. The union replied by posting pickets, which had the immediate effect of cutting off deliveries, and which, if persisted in, would ultimately have put the delicatessen out of business. In desperation, the owner appealed to the N. Y. State Labor Relations Board. The other day the Board decided unanimously that the owner was right—that an employer without employees had no legal obligation to sign a union contract. It also noted that the State's Labor Act was not designed to help unions organize employers instead of workers. The pickets are gone from East Fifty-Seventh Street, but resentment over the incident persists. Just how dumb can some union business agents be?

NCCCUSA names the chief enemy

The General Board of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America, an organization of cooperating, interdenominational Protestant agencies representing 32 million Americans, convened in Chicago in mid-May. From its Division of Christian Life and Work, a department continuing the activities of the former Federal Council of Churches, NCCCUSA received a statement setting forth the task of individual Christians and the churches in these times. On May 17 the General Board passed on to the churches for their study a document which noted:

Christians see more fundamental issues than conflicts between Russia and the United States, between communism and democracy. Basically, the conflict is between two views of life . . . between atheistic secularism on the one hand and religious doctrine and ethics on the other.

The statement offered some "Christian insights" to help chart a way through confusion, beginning with:

History is purposeful and orderly because the world is in the hands of God, who made it. Man, being a creature of God, has a destiny above and beyond this world. Hence, his essential security and his essential freedom are not derived from this world.

The NCCCUSA has deftly and definitively disassociated itself from the stubborn secularism of Protestants and Other Americans United.

Hospital shows courage

St. Francis Hospital in Charleston, W. Va., is a small enough institution—it has only 140 beds—but, being Catholic, it is mindful of the large claims of social justice. In the spring of 1950 the hospital hired a nurse who happens to be colored. Last fall it took on another Negro nurse. When, in early April, the hospital hired a third Negro nurse, a group of white nurses on the staff threatened to resign unless the Negro nurses were dismissed. Sister Helen Clare, the hospital superintendent, was unimpressed by this display of prejudice, unmoved by the threat. Reverend Mother Perpetua came up from the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Wheeling, W. Va., to urge the white girls, pledged to see Christ in their patients who are sick, to try to see Christ in their fellow nurses whose skin

is darker. Twenty of the white nurses refused to withdraw their unjust and uncharitable demand. On May 18 they resigned, generously offering to meet Mother Perpetua at any time she can "give us assurance of a sincere desire to correct the existing situation." The Sisters of St. Joseph, whose allegiance is to Jesus Christ rather than Jim Crow, flew in substitutes from their other hospitals. The airlift is a symbol of the courage of the Sisters.

PV to the rescue?

No, that's not a misprint—PV is *phonevision*. You sit at home, dial the telephone operator, ask for the moving picture being offered by PV, and have it channelled onto your TV set (fee one dollar, on your phone bill). When Phil Koury, our Hollywood Letter man, revealed this exciting development (AM. 2/25/50), he mentioned that tests were "soon" to be made with 300 families in the Chicago area. After some delay, these tests have only now been completed. They show that PV (enthusiastically acclaimed by all the guinea-pigs) cost an average of \$1.73 per family per week and that a single movie would gross \$2.5 million if PV were nation-wide. PV may be the financial life-saver Hollywood has been clamoring for. It offers cheap, attractive family entertainment which can elevate TV-program standards by offering keen competition. It looks as though the Federal Communications Commission would be bolstering the commonweal if it gave PV the green light after the public hearings soon to be held.

More "Hollywood Over Asia"

To his profound horror, the editor of the *Tribune*, Bangkok's English daily, recently found one of his proofreaders absorbed (on company time, of course) in the study of the English language. The editor, as he explains in a May 12 lead editorial, was shocked, not so much at his employee's "free-timing" as at the textbook the young man had chosen to study. It was "How to Learn English from the Movies." The following are a few samples of what, if they use Hollywood as a guide, go to make up a choice vocabulary for enterprising young Thais unable to afford a reliable English teacher:

Don't you make another pass at me; I suppose you know I also sleep in the raw; she will miss her popsy-wopsy; he wants a nice girl he can neck with.

The book does not stop at slang.

We ain't stepping on your toes; you ain't fixing to hunt this time of night? Ifn I'd brung my gun; I been making out . . .

The editor of the Bangkok *Tribune* partially absolves the author of the treatise but feels that he should have known better. "We blame the Hollywood producers," he writes, "and the distributors who send such pictures for foreign youth to see, hear and thus form an opinion of America." Here is a situation, not a theory: educated Thais deplore such vulgarity, and clever Chinese commie comic books ridicule the U. S. by citing it. What say, Hollywood?

WASHINGTON FRONT

Nobody in Washington really knows what effect recent events on Capitol Hill will have on politics—of the party variety—but everybody seems to speculate about it. Everybody in the country knows by now that the MacArthur controversy has heavy political overtones. Both sides have played them vigorously, and will no doubt continue to do so, in spite of the fact that it is a mighty dangerous game—dangerous for the country at a critical time and dangerous for the immediate participants, the politicians.

The Democrats may be expected to attempt a comeback from the low estate into which MacArthur threw them. Senator Taft may be expected to try to emerge from the temporary obscurity into which MacArthur threw *him* by virtually repudiating the Senator's stand on foreign policy. The Republicans may be expected to make all the political hay they can out of the controversy, and if this turns against them, as Mr. Truman is confident it will, then to cry "whitewash," as they did with the Tydings committee.

Most investigations, in fact, are of a nature to make every politician shudder. Senator Tydings, investigating the McCarthy charges against the State Department, risked, and lost, his political future by taking over the chairmanship of the inquiring committee. Senator Kefauver, on the other hand, came out of his own investigation into crime with enhanced political power, but in the course of it, he ruined many other careers, principally in his own party, and notably that of majority-leader Senator Scott Lucas, of Illinois, an innocent bystander. Senator Brien McMahon, meanwhile, although a member of the Tydings Committee in an election year, still emerged successful, though the alleged "whitewash" was also an issue in his campaign in Connecticut.

If the Administration should emerge from the MacArthur fracas with success, in the event it proves its case, that might be a hollow victory for it, if the country listens seriously to the charge of whitewash. Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk's speech on China in New York, giving an impression of a change in policy, did not help.

Another casualty may well be the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are supposed to be above politics, but who were of necessity put up as defenders of the Administration, in view of several MacArthur statements. There may be a call for their heads to roll, or they could actually be abolished as an agency. Paradoxically, this could be a result of a "victory," at least in public opinion, for Mr. Truman. There are many in Congress who would never forgive the Joint Chiefs; in this time of high emotion anything could happen. That would be a disaster for the country, but revenge knows no logic or patriotism.

WILFRED PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

In his keynote address to the Catholic Press Ass'n. Convention in New York City on May 17, the Most Rev. Michael J. Ready urged the 350 delegates to "continue expounding the saving social doctrine of the Church" and revealed that Tito's Government has "ignored or rejected" five different applications for admittance of an NC correspondent into Yugoslavia. In a dinner address, Federal Judge John F. X. McGohey observed: "It does seem to me that at times some of our publications overwork the anti-Communist angle. Surely there is a great deal to Catholic political and social thought beyond anti-communism."

► At his enthronement as Archbishop of Sherbrooke, Quebec, the Most Rev. Philippe Desranleau declared that the two great evils of modern society are communism and a "tainted, corrupt, inhuman" monopolistic capitalism. The archbishop, whose censure was erroneously prophesied by *Time* and the *Christian Century* (AM. 3/17 p. 689), damned monopolies in food and housing.

► The beatification of Jules Maunoir, S.J., 17th-century French preacher, brings to 140 the number of blessed in the Society of Jesus. There are also 26 canonized saints.

► The Most Rev. James E. Cassidy, third Bishop of Fall River, Mass., died on May 17 and was succeeded by his Coadjutor, Bishop James L. Connolly. On May 22 the Apostolic Delegate announced that Rt. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, had been named Auxiliary Bishop of New York. He also announced the creation in western Pennsylvania of the new diocese of Greensburg, to be headed by Most Rev. Hugh L. Lamb, former Auxiliary of Philadelphia.

► The Rev. Joseph Warren Anderson, ordained on May 19, will be the first Negro priest to serve the Archdiocese of Omaha. On the same day, Bishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., of Buffalo, ordained the Rev. Peter C. Carter, a convert, as the second Negro priest in his diocese.

► A conference at Beirut, Lebanon of the World Council of Churches and the International Missionary Council called for more active and generous cooperation of Christian churches in remedying the "deep injustice" inflicted on the 750,000 Palestine refugees. The Holy Father, through Msgr. Thomas J. McMahon, president of the Pontifical Mission to Palestine, sent his blessing and gratitude to all Americans aiding the work of the Pontifical Mission (AM. 12/9/50 p. 294).

► Dr. James Shaw, for whose cure from a fatal disease a national novena asking the intercession of Blessed Edmund Campion was offered in England (AM. 3/31 p. 741), has left a London hospital, seemingly cured.

E. D.

Freedom of the press in India

In India some months ago a leaflet published in Bengal called upon the people to rise up and kill in order to preserve their Bengali language. The State High Court upheld the right of the publisher to print such an inflammatory article on the ground that the freedom-of-speech clause in the Indian constitution guaranteed to the individual the right to express himself in any way he pleased.

Some newspapers have honed Hindu-Moslem feelings to a dangerous edge. The Communist press has been the indirect cause of railroad sabotage involving the deaths of hundreds of innocent persons. In a country where a good many newspapers are edited with astonishing irresponsibility, the problem of where to draw the line between liberty and license does become acute.

Two weeks ago the Prime Minister therefore proposed a constitutional amendment which would curtail freedom of speech and of the press because "some courts" would let a person advocate "murder and violence." Nehru would give the Government power to punish publications for contempt of court, defamation of character and incitement to law-breaking. The Government could impose restrictions "in the interests of the security of the State, friendly relations with foreign countries, public order, decency and morality." Such powers would give the Government a club over any publication. On May 16 Nehru referred the amending bill to a special parliamentary committee for further study.

The Prime Minister's proposed bill met with bitter opposition. Many sympathizing with Nehru's objective felt that the amendment would be too extreme. His opponents suspected Nehru of aiming to stifle those papers which habitually criticize his policies. *Blitz*, for example, a pro-Russian Bombay weekly, would surely be among the first to feel the ax were the Prime Minister to have his way.

When the British controlled India, they enacted various public-safety laws. Nehru and other nationalists then poured scorn on these restrictions of political freedom. Since India became independent four years ago, however, her own Government has either suppressed or subjected to previous censorship several newspapers and publications. The Government pointed to the "colonial" public-safety laws of the British as its authority. Fighting for independence is one thing. Maintaining public order is quite another. Without question, a people has the right to throw off an oppressive foreign regime. It cannot claim a similar right to undermine its own.

India really isn't much worse off than any other state, our own included. The problem all face is twofold: to educate their people to a *responsible* use of freedom of speech, and to surround such freedom with the *widest possible safeguards* without endangering public order. There is no pat legal formula to meet the needs of every country on earth, because freedom of speech

EDITORIALS

is abused much more by some peoples than by others. Nehru ought to be satisfied with whatever restrictions on freedom are absolutely necessary to preserve his young Republic from grave subversion of the public peace.

Anti-control alliance

Early last month Charles E. Wilson, head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, packed an overnight bag and set out for Hot Springs, Va. With him went other mobilization big-wigs—Manly Fleischmann, chief of the National Production Authority, and Edwin Gibson, boss of the Defense Production Administration.

Unlike most people who go to Hot Springs in May, these busy men were not bent on pleasure. They went to the Virginia resort, where the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce was in session, to sell the nation's industrial leaders on the need of continuing strong anti-inflation controls. With powerful farm leaders already in open revolt against ceilings on beef and cotton, they sought to head off a coalition between industry and agriculture that would doom the Government's fight for a stable defense economy. They explained their case; they argued; they pleaded. And they lost. On May 18, before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, the National Association of Manufacturers joined the American Farm Bureau Federation in calling for an end to all wage and price controls.

It is difficult to discuss the NAM action with the urbanity expected of a Review of this kind. Practically every economist who has been quoted in the public press agrees that the present lull on the price front is a strictly temporary phenomenon. By the end of the year the rearmament program will be going full blast. The Government will be pouring new billions into an already tight economy. Cutbacks in civilian production will become increasingly severe, as the May 17 order of the National Production Authority slashing steel for autos and other durables clearly indicates. Within a year, defense plants will need an additional 5 million workers. The national income is already running at an annual rate of \$22 billion ahead of last year. Despite wage and price curbs it will continue to rise. Wholesale prices are certain to resume their upward climb, and the cost of living may well be two or three per cent higher in December than it is now.

At this critical juncture the NAM wants to do away with all wage and price curbs. It wants the Government to face the mounting challenge of inflation armed

only with restrictions on credit and with fiscal controls. It wants this even though some of its members are already demanding a relaxation of controls over certain types of consumer credit, and despite the lack of courage in Congress to pass the kind of tax bill the country needs. To advocate abandoning even the present inadequate controls in such circumstances seems to us an incredible exhibition of unrealism and irresponsibility.

The NAM stand is all the more reprehensible in that its exponents had the gall to charge that the Administration, in requesting stronger controls, was seeking dictatorial powers over the economy "comparable to those exercised by foreign dictators." That demagogic appeal to the Senators was an insult to Mr. Wilson and the other big-business men who, in the public interest, have gone to Washington to man the defense agencies. We suggest that the NAM, which can scarcely be speaking for the average businessman, retire to the sidelines for the duration.

Blanshardism again

In his review of Paul Blanshard's latest assault on the Catholic Church, Father Parsons points out how badly the author's "deadly parallelism" between the Kremlin and the Vatican sags in regard to the *means* used to forward the beliefs and policies of each "power structure" (see pp. 247-48 of this issue). There is another essential difference which has received very little attention.

This is the difference in *objects* referred to in the alleged parallelism of "thought control." The Communist must walk the Kremlin's chalk line on the very questions which, in a democracy, must be freely discussed with a view to all legitimate interests involved: the political, economic and social issues which constitute the agenda of democratic government. The Communist approaches this agenda with "instructions" dictated by the rigid, monolithic ideology of Kremlin Marxism. The conflict between the Kremlin and democracy is therefore head-on.

No Communist, for example, can approach the question of taxation with an open mind. He must want to soak the rich and must complain about taxes laid on the poor, no matter what formulas a democratic legislature uses. Our banking system and our corporation law must be condemned as rigged in favor of "Wall Street." Our labor law and social-security provisions must be condemned as rigged against the interests of the exploited workers in a capitalistic economy. No Communist can advocate world federalism, the abolition of the veto in the UN, our American military build-up or anything which conflicts with the interests of Soviet Russia's political imperialism. Even cultural questions like movie or theatre criticisms must hew to the party line, which insists that even music subserve the political aims of world communism.

Catholicism, by contrast, is a system of religious belief and moral standards. Both have an *effect* on

political, economic and social attitudes, of course. Haven't Protestantism and Judaism a similar effect? Has it become "undemocratic" to entertain a religious view of human life, politics included? But there is no Catholic "line" in the temporal sphere which dictates the choice of policies at every turn. Anyone who thinks there is constitutes a menace to American democracy. He grossly misunderstands 26 million of his fellow-Americans and attributes attitudes to them for which there is absolutely no basis in fact.

A Catholic is perfectly free to study and act upon all relevant facts in these fields. There is no rigid Catholic ideology in politics, economics, sociology and even culture. Catholics can be found strung along the whole spectrum of political opinion. Some Catholics are all-out for cooperatives, for example; others can't see them as over-all solutions at all. The political and social encyclicals lay down broad principles, yes. But anyone who reads Catholic periodicals or listens to Catholic lectures or attends Catholic universities knows that vigorous debates go on regarding even the meaning of these directives.

As for particular pieces of legislation, one has to be practically blind, deaf and dumb not to know that some Catholics favor public housing, some don't; some Catholics want FEPC legislation, others oppose it; some favored the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic pact, others opposed both. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, at least, there is no authoritative directive from ecclesiastical authorities couched in terms which the ordinary Catholic would consider binding in conscience. Even on the Federal-aid issue, Rep. Andrew Jacobs (D., Ind.) and Rep. Thomas H. Burke (D., Ohio) went along with the opposition—the latter by changing his committee vote at the last minute.

"Yes, but look what happened to them in the last election." True, they lost. So did a lot of others. What do you think would happen to Senator Kefauver if he came out for legalized gambling? Or Senator Taft if he favored compulsory health insurance? Or Senator Connally if he wanted to withdraw the tax concessions enjoyed by Texas oil producers? If Mr. Blanshard really wants to see *political* "thought control," let him look to the American Medical Association, to large corporations, to labor unions and to the National Education Association. Nobody knows better than journalists the impossibility of getting members of such organizations to state in print the opinions they express privately, if in any way at variance with the organizational line. It is also instructive to notice how large newspapers nibble at and then drop views disapproved by their clientele.

It is hard to see how anyone who knows 1) how the Catholic Church actually operates and 2) how American politics actually operate can honestly get all steamed up about *political* "thought control" in the Catholic Church. This is a phony issue, the only effect of which is to distract the public from investigating the forces which do cripple the free unfolding of political opinion in the United States.

Causes of GI bewilderment

General J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff, is on record as proclaiming the rather obvious truth that the American soldier is a better fighting man when he knows the reasons why he is wearing a uniform. The average GI today seemingly doesn't know why. The official efforts to give him the answers are indolent, inept and ineffective.

The answers are supposed to emerge during the troop-information program, currently called the "commander's conference," a one-hour-per-week "discussion period" for all in uniform. The session (compulsory in the Army, optional in the Air Force, limited to ten weeks in the Navy) is part of the Defense Establishment's Information and Education Program. At a cost of less than \$2.50 per man each year, "I & E" offers the correspondence courses of the Armed Forces Institute, along with opportunities to everyone to complete elementary, high school and even college education at camp or on nearby campuses. Less than 15 cents of that annual \$2.50 expenditure goes for the troop information program, designed to tell the GI why he is in uniform and what is taking place in the world.

Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *New York Times*, spent three months examining the workings of the troop-information program. His conclusions are reported in a series of six dispatches to his paper (May 14-19). It doesn't work: "Few American soldiers know why they are in uniform."

The troop-information period, so the indictment runs, is conducted by incompetent, unprepared instructors, frequently suddenly assigned "noncoms"; it is held at inconvenient hours in crowded, poorly ventilated barrack "day rooms"; it consists generally of the reading of a "canned" lecture on a topic the troops consider remote, in language they term "high falutin'," from the weekly *Armed Forces Talks*, followed by a complete absence of discussion; it results in boredom, confusion and cynicism. Mr. Fine reports a standard GI judgment: "Democracy doesn't mean a damn thing to me in this hellhole."

Mr. Fine recommends that more time, money and teaching be devoted to the troop-information program. He would like to see it made a regular part of training, not relegated to the category of a special service. He thinks there should be career officers in the work, assisted by civilian teachers. He places high hopes in improved techniques, particularly the "problem" presentation of the Citizenship Education Project, prepared by Columbia's Teachers' College.

Are the answers bothering the GIs to be found in new educational techniques? Or was their Commander-in-Chief closer to the core of the problem when he remarked that "we cannot survive materially unless redeemed spiritually"? How much of the responsibility for our spiritual enfeeblement and intellectual confusion, manifested by the GIs' bafflement, must be assessed against our schools? Mr. Fine did not raise the question, but a lot of other people will.

Labor's slavery under the Reds

In 1943 the Nazis threw David Rousset, a French writer and Communist, into the dread concentration camp at Buchenwald. He was starved and beaten; he brushed shoulders with death for two years. On his return to France in 1945 he was still a Communist. But the realization began to dawn on him that the Soviets, too, had their concentration camps, and to a more horrible and vaster extent than the Nazis. He broke clean with the Communists. He organized the International Commission against Concentration Camp Regimes. He has probably done more than anyone in the world—or at least in Europe—to wake the conscience of the world to the horrors of slave labor in Soviet Russia and its satellites.

On May 21 in Brussels his labors reached a dramatic peak. A "tribunal" opened hearings before five presiding "judges," each a survivor of Nazi death camps, to weigh the testimony of some twenty-five witnesses escaped from Soviet slave-labor camps. Though the commission is unofficial, it speaks for some 100,000 survivors of Nazi death camps who now live in Western Europe. Needless to say, there is no "defendant" at the hearings. Soviet Russia has refused to have anything to do with the commission. She also refused to let it send investigators to examine labor camps in the Soviet Union. A heartening development is that the commission has been granted entry to investigate in Spain, Greece and Yugoslavia.

There's a good chance that the publicized findings of this "trial" may do more to wake the moral indignation of the world than all the fumbling attempts in that direction by the UN.

There's another aspect of slave labor, however, that hasn't begun to get the attention it deserves. If there are ten million slaves laboring in camps in Eastern Europe, there are ten times that number still slaves, though not in camps. They are slaves because they are ruthlessly deprived of all trade-union rights, forced to brutally excessive toil, underpaid and underfed—and all for political ends.

This long-standing fact is highlighted by the recent drive in the satellite countries for the achievement of their five-year plans in four years. Such a step-up is impossible without getting more work out of the worker for less pay, so "labor discipline" is being tightened all down the line. Women are being increasingly drafted for even heavy industries, "premium" wage systems are replacing "calculated" wages, police forces (rewarded by a higher standard of living) are being constantly expanded to keep workers in line.

These are facts our great U. S. labor unions ought incessantly to lay before the workers in the free world. They ought to be beamed by the Voice of America to all workers behind the Iron Curtain. If the concerted truth about labor's slavery under the Reds—in slave camps and out—were given to the world, a big step would be taken toward the real freedom of all mankind.

The place of Pius X

Edward Duff, S.J.

THE CHAPLAIN was talking to a group of married couples at a Cana Conference in Chicago. "Except for a man dead thirty-seven years we might not be here," he remarked. The priest was suggesting that the sacramental apostolate, the movement to restore the connection between the source of supernatural life and the science of daily living, stemmed from Pope Pius X.

"Except for him we might not be here today" is a phrase that could be spoken at a gathering of canon lawyers, scripture scholars, catechists, ecclesiastical musicians, Christian Democrats, Catholic Actionists. Certainly, it could—and in gratitude should—be prayerfully acknowledged by millions of boys and girls, six and seven years old, who are making their first Holy Communion these lovely spring mornings.

The hundreds of thousands who gather inside the wide arms of Bernini's colonnade outside St. Peter's basilica on June 3 will be there not because of what Pius X did but because of what Joseph Sarto was—a saint. Pius X, born Joseph Sarto, will be beatified that day for a single reason: he practised virtue to a heroic degree, his sanctity attested by unimpugnable miracles.

God was pleased with the life of a peasant boy, born on June 2, 1835 in a small town on the Lombard plain, the eldest of eight surviving children of a cobbler who, to support his family, was also the parochial janitor and village postmaster. An earnest and industrious lad, Joseph trudged four miles to school, his shoes slung over his shoulders to save the leather. Devoted to God and determined to help others, he answered the divine call and went to the seminary on a scholarship. After ordination he spent 18 years as a country curate and parish priest, then 28 years as a diocesan official, bishop and Cardinal, and, finally, 11 as Supreme Pontiff.

Through all the changes in his ever-enlarging career, the character and personality of Joseph Sarto was consistent. He was always a man of unaffected dignity, transparent honesty, deep prayerfulness, resolute self-denial, unlimited devotion to others, boundless energy, steadfastness, gentleness, candor and compassion.

God wants Joseph Sarto honored by a public decree proclaiming that he is in heaven, by a solemn invitation to all to imitate his virtues. In guiding the process of Joseph Sarto's beatification, perhaps God wants to teach the modern world that humility does not mean timorousness, that meekness and modesty must not be mistaken for self-consciousness and an inferiority complex.

Such would seem to be the personal meaning of Blessed Pius X, his lesson to the individual soul. What was his meaning in the history of the Church?

Pius X set himself the task of reuniting two things that had become separated—God and human society. He struggled with the problem of integrating modern

Pius X is the first Pope to be beatified since Pius V, who died in 1572. Pius X's death, on August 20, 1914, coincided with the end of an era in history, an era ushered out by the opening guns of World War I. Fr. Duff here shows how well the saintly Pope prepared the Church for the era that was being born.

developments of human culture with the exigencies of the everlasting faith. He wrought well.

After his surprising election on August 4, 1903 (Cardinal Sarto had bought a round-trip ticket to Rome for the conclave), a bishop asked the new Pontiff what his policy would be. Pointing to the crucifix on his desk, the new Pope answered. "That is my policy."

Two months later, in his first encyclical, he asserted: "The sole aim of Our Pontificate will be to restore all things to God." Two years later, in an Apostolic Letter to the Italian bishops, he graphically described the areas to be restored to Christ through social action:

To reinstate Jesus Christ in the family, the school and society; to re-establish the principle that human authority represents that of God; to take intimately to heart the interests of the people, especially those of the working classes; to endeavor to make public laws conformable to justice, to amend and suppress those which are not so . . . to defend and support the rights of God in everything and the no less sacred rights of the Church.

To the task of restoring all things in Christ—literally, bringing them back under His Headship so that they are in their proper order—Pius X summoned the laity:

For it is not priests alone but all the faithful without exception who must concern themselves with the interests of God and souls—not, of course, according to their own views, but always under the direction and orders of the bishops.

"The times we live in," the new Pope declared in his first message to the waiting Church, "call for action." They called, specifically, for Catholic Action, an apostolate Pius X officially christened with what he termed "a distinctive and surely a very noble name." He recognized that Catholic Action would not please two types of Catholics, whom he named "optimists" and "pessimists." The first he described as "those who will wait in vain for society to re-Christianize itself simply by the prayers of the good." As pessimists, he listed those "who, in order to justify their inertia, give the world up for lost, since they see in it so many evils." Optimists and pessimists were told as far back as 1906 to get to their assigned task:

Our predecessor Leo XIII . . . pointed out . . . in the famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and in later documents the object to which Catholic Action should be especially devoted, namely, the practical solution of the social question according to Christian principles.

Lest it be possibly overlooked, Pius italicized the chief area for Catholic Action in the text of his Apostolic Letter, *Il fermo proposito*.

Pius X's first effort to restore all things in Christ was to recover the freedom of the Church from political domination. At the conclave which elected him Pontiff, Cardinal Sarto had listened in horror to an announce-

ment that the Emperor of Austria, invoking an historic privilege, vetoed the candidacy of Cardinal Rampolla. Pope Pius X promptly issued a Constitution nullifying such an abuse and outlining rules for future conclaves.

In France the fight was against a determined effort of anti-clerical politicians to reduce the Church to the status of a religious apparatus in the civil service of the state. The first move, currently being imitated by the Communists in Eastern Europe, was to nationalize education and disperse some 5,000 religious of congregations of men, beginning with the Jesuits. Asylums and charitable institutions were later laicized, to be followed by hospitals and cemeteries. Leo XIII's encyclical, urging all French Catholics to rally to the support of the Republic, had done little to abate the hatred of the persecutors. The violent Waldeck-Rousseau, in legislation passed in 1901, imposed government licensing of religious associations. His successor, Combes, boasted that he had rid the country of 13,904 Catholic schools, 3,040 preachers and 15,964 teaching religious.

Pius' refusal to allow atheist politicians to appoint bishops and thus establish a national church subservient to their irreligious ends provided them with an excuse to denounce France's concordat with the Holy See. His rejection of the state-established "Associations of Worship" (for the control and administration of all ecclesiastical property) led to the confiscation of all churches, rectories, seminaries, bishops' residences and ecclesiastical buildings. The Church in France was impoverished and deprived of her civil existence, but she was free. Independent now of government interference, Pius called fourteen French priests to Rome and personally consecrated them bishops on February 25, 1906. These were the men who later hailed Pius as the "Savior of the Church in France" because their consecration was the first step in the spiritual rejuvenation of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, today the admiration of the Church Universal for the vitality and enterprise and ingenuity of her apostolic movements.

Pius' best-known effort to restore all things to Christ, one that will be forever associated with his name, was an action seemingly negative. It was decried by many outside the Church as an act of intellectual tyranny, obscurantism and as evidence of the opposition of Catholicism to modern progress and free inquiry. In 1907 Pius condemned Modernism, labeling it a "synthesis of all heresies."

In a sense, Modernism is the original and constantly recurring heresy. Heresy means a "selection." All heretics demand the right to select what they choose to believe. Modernists demanded the right to select the meaning of the assertions in the Creed. They were persuaded that contemporary developments, especially in science and sociology, made Catholicism, in its objective

and historic sense, outmoded or at least in manifest need of essential adaption and redefinition. Inheriting the mental malaise of philosophical subjectivism that began with Descartes and was climaxed in Kant, the Modernists asserted that "Revelation is not an affirmation but an experience." The formulas of the faith, they suggested, were generalized expressions of the religious experiences of the human race. And since the Church (they insisted), like any other human institution, is involved in the evolutionary process, the meaning of her dogmas and moral teachings must also evolve and be interpreted in the light of contemporary religious moods and needs.

Modernism was a monstrous deception: while pretending to make Catholicism attractive to the modern unbeliever, it reduced religion to a sentimental, unverifiable attitude about the unknowable. Modernists were devious: one of them, Abbé Tournel, who also wrote as an orthodox Catholic under his own name, published enough Modernist articles, under a pseudonym, to fill four pages of the appendix of Rivière's *Le Modernisme dans l'Eglise*.

The disciplinary enactments of Pius X against the Modernists were uncompromising and stringent. Sixty-five propositions, culled from the writings of the new heretics, were condemned by the Holy Office on July 4, 1907, in a decree that the great scripture scholar, Père Lagrange, O.P., praised as leaving untouched the true liberty of historical criticism while repudiating errors founded on false historical criticism. The Holy Father insisted on a sound grounding in scholastic philosophy and theology for all priests. Indeed, the attack on the Church in the name of learning fostered in the long run the growth of biblical scholarship and the study of Thomism in ecclesiastical institutions.

Pius had granted the Biblical Commission power to grant academic degrees and had laid down norms for examinations. Its decisions, which the Pontiff declared Catholics must accept with internal assent, protected Catholic scholarship from subtle error and won the respect of serious students. As Bishop Sarto, he had said that the seminary was his primary interest. As Pope, he defined the place of scripture in seminaries and outlined the basic program to be taught. In May, 1909 he established the Pontifical Biblical Institute and entrusted it to the Society of Jesus. To the Benedictines he assigned the task of editing a revision of the Vulgate, the official Latin text of the scriptures.

Prompt action smothered the peril of Modernism. By 1909, Loisy, one of its leaders, acknowledged that the movement "was doomed." There was, unfortunately (and perhaps inevitably) a spate of witch-hunting and finger-pointing in the fight, much of it connected with Msgr. Umberto Benigni, who, strangely enough, wrote the article on Pius X in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.



Pius X clearly saw that the internal discipline and the interior holiness of the Church were of primary importance in a time of "the enthronement of man in the place of God." On May 2, 1904 he ordered the legislation of the Church re-examined and codified. Four years later he reorganized the governmental structure of the Roman Curia, outlining the jurisdiction of different departments and their rules of procedure. In 1911 he promulgated a revised breviary that restored the honor due the seasons of the ecclesiastical year and insured the regular recitation of the entire psalter each week. In this, Pius thought of the clergy. "A holy priest," he said, "makes holy people; a priest who is not holy is not only useless but harmful to the world."

Pius, as the Supreme Shepherd, thought of the laity, too. He worked hard for their "ordered and conscientious participation" in the Mass. To this end, he insisted that the sound suit the sense in sacred music, that adults be diligently instructed (he insisted on the establishment of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in every parish) so that they might fruitfully acquire the Christian spirit "from its primary and indispensable fount, which is active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church." He reintegrated Sacrament and Sacrifice in the Mass by teaching that Holy Communion is not a reward but a means of virtue and should be received "as often as possible, even daily." He ordered children admitted to Holy Communion at "the time when a child begins to reason, that is, approximately the age of seven."

He died on August 20, 1914, broken-hearted by a war he could not stop. His will declared: "I was born poor, I have lived poor and I wish to die poor." He asked his successor to give his sisters a pension of \$60 a month.

The then Editor of *AMERICA*, Richard H. Tierney, S.J., wrote: "The world has not seen his like these many centuries." Cardinal Mercier asked: "In the days of Luther and Calvin, had the Church possessed a Pope of the temper of Pius X, would Protestantism have succeeded in getting a third of Europe to break loose from Rome?" A German Protestant theologian, Walter Kohler, eulogized Pius X: "He recked nothing of the political power of the modern state. He was a priest and his endeavor was to hold the Host aloft, to look neither right nor left and bear his Saviour through the world." Pius' final message might well have been, as his permanent meaning is, expressed in words he had spoken earlier:

Civilization has no longer to be discovered nor the new City to be built in the clouds. It has existed and it exists; it is the Christian civilization—the Catholic City. It is only necessary to keep on founding and rebuilding it on its natural and divine foundations.

Such is the unending task of Christian men. From heaven Joseph Sarto is helping his successors in Peter's Chair and all united with them in love and loyalty to struggle to achieve the task he described, following St. Paul, as restoring all things in Christ.

Has de Gaulle's hour come?

Robert C. Hartnett

ON MAY 12 the National Assembly of the French Republic voted 362-219 to hold national elections on June 17 to choose a new legislature. The Assembly set July 4 as the end of its term of office, thus complying with its Organic Law of October 5, 1946, which limited the powers of the National Assembly to five years. The present Assembly was chosen on November 10, 1946, so it has somewhat curtailed its span in the interest of early elections. Between June 17 and July 4 the present members can wind up their affairs before giving way to their successors.

ITALY TOO

Although this article will deal in detail only with the French situation, we must keep in mind that Italy will also hold extremely important elections—communal elections—on May 27 and June 10, to choose mayors and members of town councils in over 4,000 places in the North. The last time Italians went to the polls in force was for the historic national elections of April 18, 1948, when they turned back the Communist tide in Western Europe. On that occasion the Christian Democrats won 306 out of 574 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, as against 132 for the Communists. In the Italian Senate, which (like ours) has the same power as the lower house, the Christian Democrats failed to elect a majority. Enough left-wing Socialists have been voting with the Communists to cause trouble for the de Gasperi Government. Still, it has been a fairly stable government, at least when judged by European standards.

The trouble is that in local elections held between March, 1946 and December, 1948, left-wingers outpolled the Christian Democrats and other moderate and right-wing groups. In Rome itself a left-wing coalition, including Communists, obtained 33.5 per cent of the vote, against 32.8 for the Christian Democrats. Last January the Government passed a local electoral law to enable coalitions of moderate and right-wing parties to offset the advantages enjoyed by the highly disciplined left-wing organizations, the Communists and their allies.

Since then, however, the right-wing Socialists have left the Government coalition, so the Christian Democrats have a job on their hands to duplicate, at the local level, the national triumph they scored three years ago. The Church in Northern Italy has made the election of candidates who will protect religion and morality a matter of conscience. On May 14, for example, Cardinal Dalla Costa of Florence warned his people in an important sermon:

... Those who abstain from voting or vote for

individuals who are against faith and Christian morals are responsible for all damages inflicted on souls and consciences. They are guilty of a much worse sin than not attending Mass on Sunday.

This is the sort of "interference" in politics on which our friend Paul Blanshard bases his charge that the Catholic Church is a political power-structure (See pp. 239 and 247-8 of this issue).

Both in Italy and in France women as well as men have exercised the voting franchise ever since the war. Ninety-two per cent of the Italian electorate voted in the national elections of three years ago, in contrast to France, where more than a third of the registered voters stayed away from the polls on October 13, 1946 (partly through confusion generated by General de Gaulle) when the present French Constitution was adopted. Italy solved the problem of voter-absenteeism in its referendum of June 2, 1946 (to decide whether the nation would have a republican or monarchical form of government) by making voting compulsory.

FRENCH ELECTORAL SYSTEM

Since the problem facing French political parties in the coming election of June 17 has already been described in these pages ("Electoral crisis in France," 3/17, pp. 692-94), it can be very briefly restated. If France continued to use *proportional representation* as an electoral system, the Rally of the French People (de Gaullist) might win something like 200-225 seats, the Communists about 100-125, and the "Third Force" parties a combined 260-300. No group would get a clear majority of the 619 seats. France would have no governing majority and hence no government. It is certain that de Gaulle's RPF has drained off much of the strength of the *Mouvement Republicain Populaire* (MRP, the Christian Democratic party) because de Gaullists elected something like 40 per cent of the Council of the Republic, the upper house, in late 1948. De Gaulle was not really making a bid for power at that time, since the election was not for the National Assembly.

On May 7 the Assembly therefore abolished proportional representation. The June 17 elections will be by *majority* vote with a *single* ballot. France has refused to go back to the pre-war double-ballot system in which parties failing to get a majority at the first try could patch up *ad hoc* alliances by trading votes and thus elect some candidates in the "run-off" elections.

Under the new system, to avoid failures to get a majority, the law allows parties to combine their lists, or "tickets." No party can form such a coalition unless it is a truly national party or group of parties presenting one or several candidates in at least 30 of the 90 Departments into which Metropolitan France is divided. This requirement immediately discourages small

parties from trying to maintain their independent status by seeking to find places on coalition lists. They will have to settle for one of the candidates listed by the relatively major parties—or risk going it alone.

If a list (single-party or single-group) gets 50 per cent of the vote in the district (usually a Department), that list will win all the seats. The same goes for coalition lists, the seats being distributed among the allied parties according to an ingenious formula called "the quotient of the highest average." If no list of either kind receives a majority, the seats will be apportioned among all parties according to the same formula. American newspapers have contented themselves with describing the new electoral in general terms. The French Information Service (610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20) will supply detailed information to political scientists and other persons with a professional interest in the subject.

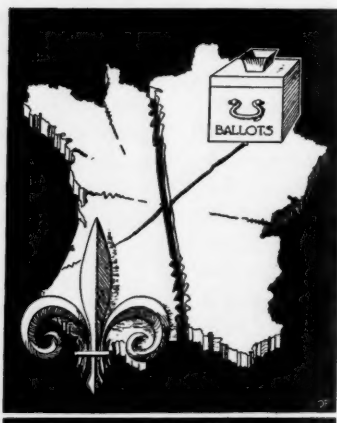
HAS DE GAULLE'S HOUR COME?

The electoral campaign will begin officially on May 29. Whether or not it proves decisive, it promises to be bitterly fought.

The Communists cannot make alliances. They can, however, attract many unwary allies by camouflaging their candidacies under the guise of "peace" and "disarmament." As Andrew Boyle pointed out last week (Am. 5/26, pp. 213-15), the phony Red peace crusade proved so attractive to Frenchmen that the Catholic hierarchy countered it with a Christian peace statement. Moreover, the Reds can exploit the dangerous fact that the working classes are caught in a cost-of-living squeeze caused by wage controls and an inflationary French defense program, urged on by us.

The "Third Force" coalition is threatened by dissensions. Many Christian democrats (MRP) incline more to de Gaulle than to the patchwork alliance with Socialists (anti-clerical and still somewhat Marxist) and with old-line Radical Socialists. The latter, typified by 79-year-old Edouard Herriot, represent the discredited secularistic and "liberal" democracy of prewar France. M. Herriot is having trouble keeping his own party-members from flirting with de Gaulle.

Finally, General de Gaulle, now heading a very well organized party (RPF), thinks the hour for which he has been waiting ever since he stepped down in January, 1946 has finally come. He seems to have developed a set of broad and mature domestic and foreign policies. C. L. Sulzberger on May 13 cabled to the New York Times a feature-story unfolding them. His account jibes with what de Gaulle is known to want: 1) support of the North Atlantic pact, but with French command over naval and air as well as land forces in the "heart" of Europe; an increase of French contributions to NATO, but on condition that Britain recognizes French interests in the Mediterranean; inclusion



of Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Spain; 2) a Paris-Bonn agreement, to be used as the base of a European federation, with economic arrangements going beyond the Schuman Plan; 3) in domestic economics, the creation of "associations" of capital and labor, "professional and not political organizations." (He will be accused of favoring a "corporate state," whereas what he wants, it seems, is a "corporative society." Few seem to know the difference.) In domestic politics 4) de Gaulle figures if he gets 160 or more RPF deputies no government could be formed without him as Premier, pro-

Milk can be a menace

Virginia Beck Smith

IN A COUNTRY that makes almost a national religion of hygiene and sanitation, it is remarkable that there can be so much ignorance and apathy regarding filthy and disease-bearing food products. Americans seem to assume that because their food is prettily packaged and distributed in shiny white trucks to gleaming supermarkets it is 99 44/100 per cent pure. That fallacy was exploded some time ago in Colorado where Wendell Vincent, regional chief of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, came out with a blast at "rampant, filthy and unsanitary conditions and gyp practices in the Colorado food industry." Vincent's charges included the use of milk "nothing short of vile" in cheese manufacture, the existence of 12,000 unaccounted-for turkeys infected with cholera, the selling of fruit juices diluted as much as 60 per cent and of pepper adulterated as much as 50 per cent.

Adulteration of food is a deplorable practice, but it can often be detected by the taste. It is fairly easy to tell, for example, that the pepper one is using is half buckwheat or cornmeal. Filthy and disease-bearing foods, however, are a little more difficult to recognize, and the consequences of consuming them range from serious illness to death. The average consumer does not test everything he eats, nor does he inquire into its source and the background of its preparation. He assumes he is being protected by State and Federal agencies whose purpose it is to safeguard the purity of food.

One of these safeguards is the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, passed in 1938 with the purpose of prohibiting "the movement in interstate commerce of adulterated and misbranded foods, drugs, devices and cosmetics." The act also makes it illegal to sell the product of a diseased animal. However, because the Federal Government is empowered to make seizures of dirty or dangerous food only when it crosses State lines, there is a good deal of food sold in intrastate commerce which would not pass Federal inspection.

An ironic aspect of the situation is that milk, which

vided other groups agreed to back him. But will they?

In this hour of crisis, de Gaulle seems to millions to speak the unambiguous language of hope, of strength, of national unity, of Christian tradition. Whether he might not be too strong and too nationalistic is what concerns French voters and outside observers.

France, at any rate, cannot stagger toward its momentous tasks. We must pray that on June 17 her people will choose for themselves a wise and courageous leadership.

Mrs. Smith describes herself as "a faculty wife at the University of Notre Dame; the mother of three small children; and a graduate (A.B.) of the College of Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio and of Marquette University, Milwaukee, (M.A.)." She has made a close study of the dangers of tainted milk foods.

is considered the perfect food, containing proteins, carbohydrates, different mineral necessities and six vitamins, is one of the worst offenders against Federal statutes and ordinary sanitation laws.

A survey of the Notices of Judgment, legally issued and representing terminated court actions brought against violators by the Federal Government, would startle the average consumer out of his complacency regarding the purity of food, and of milk particularly. One case in point was a two-count criminal complaint against a dairy company which had delivered cheddar cheese to the Denver market. The cheese was made for Armour and Company and was distributed under the "Cloverbloom" trade mark. The complaint specifically charged that the dairy company violated an agreement with Armour by providing cheese which failed to comply with Federal food laws.

In another case a summons was served against a cheese merchant in Trinidad, Colo., who had shipped over a thousand pounds of filthy cheese to a dealer in Chicago and a store in St. Louis. FDA inspectors found the following in the sediment test of each shipment: fly eggs, fly egg capsules, feather barbules, hair, maggots, manure, threads, carbon, vegetable material and insect fragments. The cheese was seized by Federal agents in Chicago and St. Louis, but meanwhile it may be presumed that numbers of people within the State of Colorado bought and ate some of this cheese because they were not protected by Federal laws. Yet in Colorado there are thirteen different agencies responsible for guaranteeing the purity of milk and its products. Lack of coordination among these thirteen agencies was said to be responsible for conditions requiring Federal inspectors to seize a shipment a month, during the first seven months of 1950, of goat-milk cheese containing manure, rat hairs, insect fragments and other filth.

Nor is Colorado the only State where such laxity exists. It is prevalent on a national scale. FDA men seized rodent-contaminated cream which contained

more than 16,000 rodent hairs to the ten-gallon can. This was in Los Angeles. Agents seized a thousand pounds of butter shipped to Arkansas on the charge that it "contains insect and rodent filth and feather barbules, and was prepared from filthy cream." A Detroit *Free Press* news item stated that pigs at the Federal Correctional Institute would get 4,550 pounds of cheddar cheese seized as adulterated. A United Press story dated January 27, 1951 urged housewives and food merchants to destroy all jars of Borden's Leiderkrantz cheese spread because some jars contained poisonous bacteria which had already killed one person.

All but one of the cases cited above were concerned with cheese and butter manufactured from *filthy* milk or cream. Such products were safe to eat if it is presumed the milk was properly pasteurized, although as Mr. Vincent observes, "manure when it is boiled is still manure." Nevertheless the real danger to human health comes when there is inadequate, faulty, or no pasteurization of milk from a diseased animal, for pasteurization destroys the harmful bacteria which may be transmitted in such milk.

The milk-borne diseases include tuberculosis, undulant fever, typhoid fever, septic sore throat, diphtheria, scarlet fever, enteritis and various kinds of streptococcic and staphylococcic infections. It has been discovered that the strep organism which causes sore throat and the staphylococcus organism causing food poisoning have originated in some cases from cows suffering from mastitis. Mr. Vincent reports that the incidence of mastitis in some herds is as much as 25 per cent.

Legal action has eradicated the danger from bovine tuberculosis, but a major threat to the nation's health still exists in the number of cows suffering from Bang's disease, which is a contributing factor to undulant fever in human beings. Paul de Kruif writes in regard to undulant fever:

There is no more nasty sickness. The miserable little microbes that cause it are not enthusiastic killers. They prefer to sap their victims into hopeless weakness, which is a master symptom of the malady. They drill their human prey with pain deep in the bones, with back pains that may disable them entirely, nag them with headaches, make them sleepless, waste them with fever for months and even years. And sometimes they murder, fastening on the heart valves.

Each year the incidence of undulant fever has grown by an appreciable percentage until now it is the fourth most communicable disease in the United States. The totals for diseases such as typhus, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, sleeping sickness and smallpox are not as great as for undulant fever alone. It can be caused by drinking raw milk or eating raw-milk products like butter, cheese, etc., or by handling a diseased animal when there is a cut on one's hand (butchers, veterinarians, and research workers are often victims), or by eating the meat of a diseased animal.

The disease is so tricky that it has been called by

Dr. Harold J. Harris, a leading authority, "The Great Masquerader." There is no sure diagnostic test for it—although skin tests are used and a culture is considered a fairly accurate index—and there is no certain cure. Some victims are forced to take shots of Brucellin, a vaccine made from all three types of the Brucella germ, every week or oftener for months and years. The sulfa drugs and penicillin have been discovered to be ineffective. Great hope was placed in the newer wonder drugs, aureomycin and chloromycetin, but these bring relief in some cases and are utterly unsuccessful in others. The new antibiotic, terramycin, is now being used as a possible specific. It is an expensive disease to contract, and a hopelessly depressing one, for it drags on, debilitates and causes never-ending pain.

Thus, of all the milk-borne diseases undulant fever is now the meanest, and thousands more will be afflicted unless precautionary and positive steps are taken by the ordinary citizen, the average housewife. First, on the precautionary side, since pasteurization is the only means by which the consumer is assured of complete protection, all milk or milk products bought and consumed should be pasteurized. On the positive side, individuals and interested societies must work towards adequate pasteurization laws. There should be a uniform 100 per cent pasteurization law covering the entire country. A comparatively small number of cities have a law requiring pasteurization of commercially-sold milk. There is a model milk-sanitation ordinance which any community may procure by writing the U. S. Public Health Service.

More is needed than that, however. Colorado has a State law almost identical with the above model ordinance, yet witness the charges and counter-charges flying about in that State. Law requires enforcement by responsible officials on every level—local, State and Federal.

Although pasteurization removes concern over the effect of milk from diseased animals, it does not remove the cause. Brucellosis, or Bang's disease, must be stamped out of herds by compulsory examination and vaccination, just as bovine tuberculosis was. A law is in the hopper of the state legislature in Wisconsin, the Dairy State, to eradicate Brucellosis by an across-the-board examination, vaccination and slaughter program.

Yet, recently, a cattlemen's bloc in Colorado succeeded in passing a bill to rescind the present Bang's disease act in that State and restrict compulsory vaccination only to dairy cattle, leaving beef cattle free from control. State Senator N. J. Miller, a veterinarian, claimed that under the proposed measure the owner of a dairy cow which was a reactor of Brucellosis could claim that his animal was a beef cow and sell it as such. It could then be resold as a dairy cow. The bill was, I am very happy to add, vetoed by Gov. Dan Thornton.

Mr. Vincent has stated: "The time is coming when health departments of this country will require all milk

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to come from disease-free animals. The selling of milk from diseased cattle which may in turn be improperly pasteurized is not only a legal crime, under the Pure Food and Drug Act, it is also a moral crime." Rev. Paul Hettinger, of Peterstown, Ill., wrote an article in the *Christian Farmer* entitled "There's a Christian Way to Milk a Cow." In it he explains that the obligation to protect our own health and that of our neighbor by the proper production and processing of food must be reckoned to fall under the fifth commandment—"Thou shalt not kill."

For its own protection the nation needs more gadflies like Wendell Vincent, FDA chief in Denver. Some men in the food industry conscientiously try to correct conditions. Others deny there is anything wrong, and go on to accuse their competitors of the very conditions they denied. There will continue to be buck-passing on every level unless an aroused public does something about conditions. Milk is a highly competitive commodity. If the consumer asks questions and very carefully inspects the milk he buys, there will be a greater effort made to satisfy him, both from the standpoint of the protection of his health and of value received for ever-increasing cost. The picture of the consumer carefully studying a bottle of milk and possibly rejecting it for failure to meet health and sanitation standards is one likely to cause some stir among those engaged in the production of milk and its products.

FEATURE "X"



Fr. Parsons, professor of political science at Catholic University, is the author of *The First Freedom* (McMullen, N. Y., 1948), a study of the relations of Church and State in the United States.

A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS currently running in the big magazines feature sketches of an animal on one side and a vegetable on the other. They are selling a brand of gasoline. The idea is that these two objects—animal and vegetable—are drawn to look alike, but in reality are different. The theme of the series, of course, is that "our gasoline merely looks like the competitors' brands." To achieve his effect the artist has taken, for example, a toad, altered its known features, and then repeated the process with a toadstool. This makes both of them at first glance look exactly alike. The intelligent reader is supposed to be able to tell them apart at first glance.

Paul Blanshard, in the latest instalment of his one-man crusade against the Catholic Church (*Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*. The Beacon

Press. 340p. \$3.50.), has exploited this sort of advertising gimmick for his own purposes. The two parts of his picture are titled "Kremlin" and "Vatican" respectively. Add a few artistic touches here and there, take off a few here and there, and lo, the two look exactly alike! All you have to do is take the most objectionable features of the vegetable-Kremlin, or highlight others (depending on how you want the likeness with beast-Vatican to come out); then you shave down the supernatural features of Catholicism, highlight some of its purely human manifestations, and you have achieved a remarkable resemblance between the two. They then stand in opposition to the other abstraction in the title, Democracy, (which, incidentally, by the same shaving-down and adding-to process, doesn't come out very well either). Or at least they look as if they did.

The method is fairly ingenious. The only difficulty with it is that, as a *tour de force*, it doesn't quite come off. It is supposed to show that the Kremlin is pretty bad in certain ways, and that the Vatican is just as bad, or even worse, in the same ways. Mr. Blanshard has forgotten one thing. In the ads the beast and the vegetable only seem to look alike; in reality, if you look closer, you are supposed to see that they are essentially different. Only a childlike and credulous mind will really be fooled by the superficial likeness. What Mr. Blanshard has really done, much against his original intentions, is to prove that there is nothing to his comparison at all, except for the superficial resemblances created by his process of selective highlighting on both sides.

It must be admitted that he has worked hard at his technique, and there is a certain morbid fascination in watching him at his easel. He involves himself in many impossible contradictions. At one point, he labors to paint communism as a kind of religion, just like Catholicism. At another, Catholicism is not really a religion, but a world political power, just like the Kremlin. This intellectual schizophrenia runs all through the book. The intelligent and informed reader is likely to come away contemptuous; the unintelligent and uninformed, merely confused. Maybe some of the intelligent but still uninformed may be fooled by the Blanshard technique, but it is unlikely that this will happen "all the time."

Mr. Blanshard's fundamental difficulty, as we watch him at work, is that essentially he is working in two different media. At times he seems to be aware of this, as when he admits that in ends sought the Vatican and Kremlin are poles apart, the one seeking a religious end, the other a purely worldly and imperialist one. He gets around this anticipated objection to his technique by saying that he is not talking about *ends* (what the whole thing is about) but about *methods*, ignoring or ignorant of the philosophical axiom that it is the end that specifies the nature of any given society. It makes all the difference in arriving at a true appraisal of it. As for his description of the respective methods employed by Vatican and Kremlin, he takes ample care

of that by his technique of the beast and the vegetable. He makes them *seem* alike.

What I mean by the two different media in which this would-be-artist in propaganda works is this. He has chosen to compare the Kremlin and the Vatican. But the Kremlin, as he admits, is a thoroughly materialistic and imperialistic political movement, while the Vatican (as he admits on occasion, when it suits him) represents the head of a world-wide religious movement. The two lie in entirely different fields.

Here is how he lists the total items of "the whole Vatican political program":

If it [every Catholic political party] gains power, it must abolish divorce, prohibit birth control, recognize the Church as the sole state religion, suppress criticism of the Pope, prevent public Protestant ceremonies, ban all books which are on the Catholic Index, and pay the salaries of priests (p.275).

What? No oilfields? No jet planes? No tanks? No spheres of influence? No firepower? No snorkels? No atom bombs? Not even any armored divisions? Come, come, Mr. Blanshard, this is not a *political* program. If the Pope is an imperialist, as Stalin is, his program is sheer stupidity. You may remember the scornful retort Stalin is supposed to have hurled at Roosevelt at Yalta when FDR asked, "But what about the Pope?" "How many divisions has the Pope?"

If the Pope is what you say he is, a political power, then he is awfully far from being a good one. You yourself, like all your congeners, seem to oscillate, in your usual confusion on this subject, between a supreme contempt for the Pope and an exaggerated fear of him. Here is your essential difficulty. You *say* you are against the Pope because of his "political" power. When you come to enumerate the points of his "political" program, as above, we find that all of these seven points you allege as his "program" are directly or indirectly religious. There is not a single word about the typical political objectives of an imperialistic power: territory, hegemony or invasion.

It is highly disputable whether even some of these seven objectives you ascribe to Catholic political activity do not originate in racial or national traditions rather than in "Vatican" policy. Certainly some of them are of specifically Italian or Spanish, rather than of Vatican origin.

This, of course, is one of Mr. Blanshard's weaknesses: his uninformed, half-educated, typical American traveler's impressions of Europe. How often have so many of us blushed for such innocents abroad! We can do so again.

That is why I think it would be a complete waste of time for any lover of truth, Catholic or not, to write another volume (for nothing else would suffice) to show in detail how Mr. Blanshard has shaved down or added to his twin picture of the Vatican-Kremlin beast-and-vegetable advertising fantasy. What is important, as Rev. George Dunne, S.J., in his *Religion and American Democracy* (America Press, 25¢) held when Mr. Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic*

Power appeared, is not to show up his innumerable inaccuracies, but to expose his *method* for what it is. It is the technique of the half-truth, a very old one. But in this new book Mr. Blanshard has added to it a new twist. Sometimes, when the *whole* truth is imperative, as when he has to quote a document from some Pope, he has a quaint way of adding a sentence in the same paragraph *outside* quotes which has the effect of saying that the document means exactly the opposite of what it says—apparently in the naive persuasion that the reader will not observe where the quotation marks ended.

In at least one instance, and maybe in others, his publisher's libel lawyers have slipped up badly. On page 164 there is an outrageous charge against perfectly recognizable American citizens, myself for instance. Speaking of vocations to religious orders, he says textually: "Recruiting, in fact, is largely based on the guilt feelings of youth and adolescence about sex, and the conviction of sin is systematically exploited to induce a commitment to the religious vocation." Just how the Beacon Press allowed this to pass, since there are so many thousands of identifiable Americans among us in the religious orders, is beyond comprehension. It is typical of Blanshard's "scholarship" that his reference for this libel is Rumer Godden's novel, *Black Narcissus*, a book about *Anglican* nuns.

It may be useful to list the points on which the "parallel" between the Kremlin and the Vatican (read the Catholic Church) is drawn. Here they are: structure of power, "deification" (of Stalin and the Pope), thought control, control of the public school, use of discipline and devotion, management of truth, and penetration—all of this in ten long chapters. As for "Democracy," Mr. Blanshard's own idea of it is woolly, but at his hands it comes out totalitarian and monolithic, especially as to state monopoly of education and restriction of free expression of religious thought.

In this book Mr. Blanshard has given us an unintentional profile of himself: it is that of a scared little soul, mumbling to himself about the ghosts he has conjured up out of random reading. He is certain that if vegetable-Stalin doesn't get him, then big, bad beast-Pope surely will. To this idiosyncrasy he has added a more sinister one, that of hypocrisy, as when he continually insists that it is not as a religion that he objects to Catholicism but as a political "power," when every page reveals the animus against the religion itself. It was no doubt this that prompted the contemptuous review which *Time* gave the book in its issue for May 21.

However that may be, in my opinion Catholics may welcome the appearance of this book, for it lays to rest, finally and once for all, the impression, assiduously cultivated by his publishers for his former book, that Mr. Blanshard is a "scholarly" student of his subject. He has himself done us the service of proving that he is, after all, just the latest in the long series of American fanatics that began with the Know Nothings.

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

The American novel through fifty years

IX. John Marquand

Charles A. Brady

John Marquand is a very old-fashioned novelist. What is more, he is old-fashioned in a curiously Puritan fashion. He was, in fact, half-way through his present publishing career before he abandoned the early seventeenth-century Puritan manner of Hawthorne for the late nineteenth-century Puritan manner of Howells. But he has never either denied or compromised his New England Puritan heritage. This innate, fastidious Puritanism is, very possibly, the most significant critical fact that can be adduced in Marquand's regard.

Like Milton, Marquand is preoccupied with the effects of original sin; original sin, untheologized, without benefit of Freud, is the burden of his stoically joyless epithalamia. His cocktail parties are full of Apleys agonistes.

But he is, before anything else, perhaps, a novelist of love. The Beatrice theme, untheologized, not regenerate, runs all through his work. He tracks down the hurrying, retreating footsteps of remembered passion—the *veteris vestigia flammae* of Virgil and Euripides, of Galsworthy and Baring and Waugh.

Considered sheerly as a novelist of marriage, Marquand's authority impresses itself upon the reader very forcibly. His vignettes of modern marriage are much more normal than the acid plates of Sinclair Lewis. Almost a decade before Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly in Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, Harry Pulham reaches the conclusion that perhaps love really was "not passion or wish, but days and years." H. M. Pulham, *Esquire's* study of the estrangement of the personality in marriage is a basically religious theme. So is *Point of No Return's* clear and compassionate perception of a certain quality of well-bred strangeness toward one another in marriage. All this is one of *The Cocktail Party's* two dimensions. It is true that Marquand does not possess or make any pretense of possessing the other. Why should he? It is enough that each of his heroes has a Beatrice somewhere in his past; and that each of them, in his own Puritan way, manages to escape the romantic hell of Paolo and Francesca.

In addition to being a novelist of love and marriage—or perhaps it would be more precise to say love in marriage—Marquand is also a novelist of time. Of time past seen as time to come; of time past, both his and ours, reeled off a bewilderingly subtle shuttle. He is a university-bred Teiresias who specializes in foretelling the past instead of the future. "And the past," as Eliot intones, "is about to happen, and the future was long since settled . . . And all is always now."

This element of tentative inexorableness extends into Mr. Marquand's titles: *The Late George Apley*; *So Little Time*; *Repent in Haste*; *Point of No Return*. It

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is a consciousness of temporal passage expressed emotionally rather than metaphysically. It neither steps out of time nor achieves a conquest of time. Except for an instant at the end of *So Little Time*, Marquand remains time's prisoner and time's fool. He cannot even think of God without remembering time. When, in the bar of the Harvard Club, Malcolm Bryant asked Charles Grey if he believed in God, Charles remembered that the Bank was waiting. "It must have been the mention of God that made Charles think of time. He looked at his watch and it was a quarter after two." It was a quarter after two, and Charles knew he had to get back to the Bank. But he also thought, upon reflection, that he really did believe in God. As for Mr. Marquand and Mr. Marquand's readers, God can be felt in His absence as well as in His presence. A consciousness, keen to the point almost of being a sense of deprivation, constitutes a real spiritual dimension. God is by no means absent from the sad temporality of Marquand's novels.

Mr. Marquand does not pretend to be a sociologist, though his greater novels are, among many other things, good sociology. In so far as he is concerned with society, he is a historian of society; and an admirable one. Class lines in America are fluid and subtle, but no less unmistakable for all their fluid subtlety. Marquand catches every nuance of the class to which he belongs.

Marquand is almost excessively conscious of society's displacement in time as well as space. Both in *Point of No Return* and in *B. F.'s Daughter*, he thinks—and in an entirely un-Proustian way—of society as existing in an aquarium, but an aquarium that is constantly changing. The glass walls may look the same to the fish; but they are new walls all the same. *Point of No Return* links this theme of social relativity in time with the graver moral music of the vanity of human wishes in this reflection of Charles Grey's:

They were all caught in a current that jostled them and interfered with normal existence. All anyone could do was to try to adjust his life within the limits of a constantly changing frame. That was the difficulty. Even the limits were constantly changing.

The limits of happiness itself, Charles was thinking, were continually changing. You got somewhere and then you wanted to move somewhere else, to another, larger bar, to better, brighter company.

Marquand's range as a social historian is extraordinarily wide; it is also intimate and meticulous. It stretches

in time from the Civil War to the Russian-Allied condominium over Berlin. It stretches in space from North of Boston to California; from the South Pacific to the Rhine.

Marquand's biography (which space precludes here) gives the clues to the characteristic ambivalences which stamp his satire with its humane and civilized complexity. Marquand is a born satirist; and, when he chooses, can be as urbane lethal as Pope himself. But Marquand is by no means primarily a satirist. He tends to concentrate his satiric effects in Thackerayan set-pieces which can readily be detached from context and which already begin to appear as old-fashioned as the satiric set-pieces of *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*. In so far as he is a satirist, he is, in the main, a satirist of compunction after the merciful pattern of Horace and Thackeray rather than the merciless pattern of a Swift.

Since *The Late George Apley* made its belated appearance in 1937, there is a temptation to think of Marquand as a comparatively new writer. Actually, his first title (*The Unspeakable Gentleman*, 1922) is only a year later than Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers* and three years earlier than Hemingway's *In Our Time*. But, in that fifteen-year interim, he had served a long and immensely lucrative apprenticeship to the half-gods of the "slicks." When the half-gods went, the gods arrived with a vengeance; and still keep on arriving. For, except for marking time in *B. F.'s Daughter*, Mr. Marquand's art has continued to develop, to mellow, to mature. Nevertheless, it is never safe to neglect the sorcerer's apprenticeship. The *Moto* melodramas and costume novels ought not be overlooked.

The pivotal Marquand book, however, had come in 1930. It was *Warning Hill*, wherein Mr. Marquand first served notice that Howells was beginning to edge Hawthorne out. Here, with the character of Grafton Jellet, Marquand for the first time enters his proper milieu; first approximates his specific kind of social "density" that will later be his unique cachet. From this time on—allowing, of course, for the two interludes of *Haven's End* (1933) and the slight *Repent in Haste* (1945)—he begins to touch excellence on every page. One of his recurrent themes—the recovery of the inheritance—emerges clearly in this book. Tommy and Marianne are the quintessential Marquand boy and girl in the archetypal Marquand situation. The process of distillation has gone so far that the end-product is in danger of turning into viscous treacle unless it somehow manages to get blended, cut and stiffened by the stronger liquor of non-nostalgic immediacy.

The *Apley* cut-glass, ancestral decanter, without in any way impairing nostalgia's delicate bouquet, supplied that liquor. *The Late George Apley: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir* (1937) initiates the six novels which go to make up Marquand's American *Comédie Humaine* of our century—a seventh, *Melville Goodwin, U. S. A.*, is to appear soon. They are introspective family chronicles told neither by a Hamlet nor an "attendant lord," but by a compassionate Horatio—one, moreover, who stands in both an avuncular and a trustee

relationship to his material, so that the reader is not surprised by a prevalent tone of tolerant irritation, the irritation of one intimately involved through family connection. Cool exasperation might be an even more accurate term.

The Late George Apley is an exquisite *tour de force* that refines upon the narrative devices of *Haven's End*. It exploits, with the utmost audacity, the eighteenth-century epistolary method, and draws heavily on the dry tentativeness of one of the New England scriptures, *The Education of Henry Adams*. It is a difficult trick to combine irony and pathos so unfailingly as Marquand manages to do here, especially the lambent and gentle irony of *Apley's* perfect understatement. As befits his New England origin, George Apley is a more stiffly formal gentleman than Newman or Thackeray envisioned. There was never anything of the Corinthian buck about him. One of his letters to son John declares the *Apley* credo, which Marquand makes no bones about letting the reader know is also his own: "At any rate, it will please you in later years to know that you have always been a gentleman, and, believe me, that is something." It is not enough, undoubtedly, but the great Cardinal would be the first to acknowledge that it is something.

Like Babbitt, Old Man River, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus, George Apley has suffered the folklore fate of translation into a symbolic dimension. *Wickford Point* (1939), the most thoroughly brilliant and least read of the major Marquand novels, did not enjoy the same experience. It is an extraordinarily interesting book and Marquand's only pure comedy; and, as befits a classic comedy, it has a happy ending. But its net impact is not at all happy. It is a relentlessly tender vivisection of the contemporary New England essence, which, to Mr. Marquand, is full of "an inexorable sort of gentleness, a vanity of effort, a sadness of predestined failure."

H. M. Pulham, Esquire's (1941) inquisition into the tender passion follows more in the footsteps of Trollope and Turgenev than of Tolstoy or Jane Austen. Along with *Point of No Return*, *Pulham* remains to date Marquand's most solid novel; and by all odds his most poignant. It is, in fact, so unutterably poignant at times that it threatens almost to deliquesce.

But in the end one finds oneself returning to *Pulham* as a novel of love; to its insights into the pitiful, divided human heart; to the great emotional authority Marquand is able to exert over the well-nigh intolerable pathos here. There is something quietly, desperately dreadful about Kay's joyless adultery with Bill King—one remembers the peaked face of Brenda Last in Waugh's *Handful of Dust*. In the end Kay learns that kindness is not a bad substitute for the ecstasy which is rarely for sale in the booths of *Vanity Fair*. "So we have to be kind to each other always, don't we?" she says to Harry. Bill King had learned the even harder Thackerayan lesson that, when all is said and done, innocence remains the greatest shield of man in this vale of sorrow, the world.

All through *So Little Time* (1945) Marquand remembers the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo. It is his richest and most ambitious novel to date, but not so perfectly integrated as *Apley*, *Wickford*, *Pulham* and *Point of No Return*. The topicality clogs a little, too; it is too cluttered, too rich, too pell-mell. Time is Mr. Marquand's alembic; and not enough time separates him from the events he writes of here for the true sea change to have worked its spell.

But the reportage approaches the miraculous. Never were his eye and ear more faithful, or his historical sense so uncannily precise. Jeffrey Wilson, as protagonist, is the usual Marquandian counterpoint of dying man and living ghost; of reluctant present and vivid past. Marquand's mastery of the normal American idiom never flags, not even when it is filtered through the protagonist's consciousness. His sensitive assessment of small-town social gradations is as impeccable as ever. Jeffrey's map-case with the rusty catch offers an occasion for one of the more exquisite Marquand fugues in time. Like all Marquand no-heroes Jeffrey is a well-bred *homme moyen sensuel* with a habit of meeting up with Kismet in the drawing room; beset by the realization that "wars were all the same and that he was living in history, and he wished to God that he were not."

Polly Fulton, the heroine of *B. F.'s Daughter* (1946), feels just as desperate in her time-trap but, being a woman, she does not philosophize so much about *la condition humaine*. Marquand's men are invariably handled more skillfully than his women, and his experiment here in speaking through a woman's mind and personality is not carried off nearly so well as Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle*. For the first time since *Apley* one feels that a Marquand novel has failed to advance in technique.

But if *B. F.'s Daughter* seems over-contrived, *Point of No Return* (1949) does not. It is Marquand's most three-dimensional novel to date, possessing as it does his old mastery of reproduction and criticism of life, together with a deepened power over creation of life in Charles Grey, who is drawn more in the round than any previous Marquand character under the rank of protagonist. His coolly supple prose is more modulated and less scintillant than usual; but deliberately so.

More than ever in this volume is Mr. Marquand the Thackerayan novelist of personal memory; the laureate of the sick, throat-filling, despairing ecstasy of first love. He understands the mystery and the magic of the human personality with a mellower comprehension than before. In the realm of the Cyprian goddess the Marquand mixture is no different. Charles Grey loses his first love and succeeds in his second job. But this time the frustrate lover wears his rue with a difference. Jessica Lovell, ghost-like, fades down the winds of memory. Man is still alone, even in love; perhaps, above all in love. Nothing is certain. But there are compensations between "the morning that separates" and "the evening that brings together for casual talk before the fire." Charles Grey, for example, "felt contented and

at peace doing nothing but raking leaves on the lawn, he and his two children."

Mr. Marquand, like every other artist, has his limitations. He repeats himself. But it is still the mark of a first-rate writer to repeat himself rather than to repeat others. His invention is fairly slight; so was Thackeray's and that of *Faimable* Jane; and, even now, the combinations on his chessboard are not yet exhausted. His satire lacks one dimension Thackeray's possessed. There is a good funeral in *Wickford Point*; but the death drums do not roll so majestically in Marquand as they do throughout his archetypal, seminal model, *Vanity Fair*.

A more serious limitation is, perhaps, his not possessing Mrs. Wharton's consciousness of what *The House of Mirth* calls "the volcanic nether side" of the social surface. His heroes, it is true, scuff their polished shoes on the hardened lava; but no more.

For all his Roman *pietas* and *gravitas* Mr. Marquand's sense of *hubris* is limited to some such premonition as Charles Grey's foreboding that all "the elements of his life were moving as they should that spring and he did not have the sense to pray that eventual compensation should be light."

But there! A critic's primary task is to criticize novels, not to find chinks—or Confucian principles instead of Christian ones, either—within the armor of a writer's personal philosophy. A novel is a novel is a novel, to ape the echolalia of Gertrude Stein. It is not a drama or a symphony or a theological tract. And, as novelist *qua* novelist in the high Victorian tradition—the highest yet for the novel in English—Mr. Marquand leaves little to be desired. He once, as Jeffrey Wilson, ruefully evaluated himself as "an important piece, too, like one of the Georgian armchairs by the fireplace, a piece with grace, with good finish, without anything new added, a piece that fetched a good price even when business was bad." But he is really more than that; much more. He is closer to the matter of the central novel than any other writer of our period.

The Will of God

Time has one song alone. If you are heedful
And concentrate on sound with all your soul,
You may hear the song of the beautiful Will of God,
Soft notes or deep sonorous tones that roll
Like thunder over time.

Not many have the hearing for this music
And fewer still have sought it as sublime.

Listen, and tell your grief: But God is singing!
God sings through all creation with His Will.
Save the negation sin, all is His music,
Even the notes that set their roots in ill
To flower in pity, pardon or sweet humbling.
Evil finds harshness of the rack and rod
In tunes where good finds tenderness and glory.
The saints who loved have died of this pure music,
And no one enters heaven till he learns,
Deep in his soul at least, to sing with God.

JESSICA POWERS

Three Socialist memoirs

RUSSIAN PURGE

By F. Beck and W. Godin. Viking. 277p. \$3.50

THE SOCIALIST TRAGEDY

By Ivor Thomas. Macmillan. 242p. \$2.75

CZECHOSLOVAKIA ENSLAVED

By Hubert Ripka. Gollancz. 339p. \$3.50

The authors of these three reports have two characteristics in common: they had gone through the experience of living under a Socialist government and they had, for some time, believed in socialism—in fact, Hubert Ripka still believes in it. Their books, however, differ considerably. Whereas Ivor Thomas' analysis of the relations between socialism and communism as well as between socialism and the life of man is not intended to be an autobiographical sketch, the two other works consist chiefly of narrations that rather interestingly recount personal experiences.

Russian Purge, a fascinating but sober study by a Russian historian and a German scientist, is the most interest-

ing of all and should be included in the reading-lists of all students of recent Russian history. The democratic world is slow to realize to how great an extent the hold of the Soviet regime on the subjugated nations is based on its police apparatus. Even less known is how much the Soviet economy has to rely on the millions of inmates of the forced labor camps administered by the GULAG. Both these aspects of the Communist orbit are amply illustrated and explained in *Russian Purge*.

Ivor Thomas' discussion of the "slower pace" process in the course of which the freedoms of man go out the window and poverty creeps in, closes with declaration of faith in an "economy of the immediate future." One sector of this economy will be publicly owned and controlled; another sector will be privately owned but subject to state supervision. Such a conclusion, drawn from the author's experiences in the British Labor Party, seems indeed inevitable. But is it really all that Thomas has to say? His interest in what he calls the "fall of man" and his preoccupation with the ascendancy of socialism in countries where there had been little predisposition for the Marxist line in economy, entitle the reader to doubt whether he really thinks a purely economic measure an adequate solution of all the problems

BOOKS

involved in the recent growth of Socialist power.

As to Ripka's story of the "enslavement of Czechoslovakia," there is, undoubtedly, a great deal of sound material in it, but the way in which this material is presented is rather shocking. Every student of Central European and Slavonic affairs knows Ripka's book *Czechoslovakia in the New Europe*, published in London in 1945 and utterly devoted not only to the alliance between Prague and Moscow but also to the Communist cause in general. "Our alliance with the Soviet Union," said the Czechoslovakian minister at that time, "requires a new orientation of our cultural policy; it is necessary that all anti-Soviet elements be eliminated from our schools, educational institutions, and from our literature." No mention of this attitude, however, is made in Ripka's present work, in which the author depicts himself as a staunch fighter against communism.

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of Czechoslovakia's second fall is the necessary result. Thus, for instance, no mention is made of the willful abolition of the democratic, Masarykian constitution of Czechoslovakia in the spring of 1945—a dictatorial step of which Ripka himself was one of the principal authors. The refusal of the Czechoslovak Cabinet to participate in the Marshall Plan Conference convoked at Paris in the summer of 1947, a decisive event of the first order, is blamed on the Soviet Union—as if the Czech politicians in those days were not free to make a decision of their own. The resignation of the Socialist and Populist ministers in February, 1948, prepared against the wish of President Benes and at the behest of Communist Premier Gottwald, is pictured as a Communist *coup d'état*. And President Benes, Ripka's life-long friend but now dead and unable to defend himself, is pictured by Ripka as the real author of the tragic fate of his country.

There undoubtedly are, among the Socialists, men of high moral standing utterly devoted to an ideal in the value of which they believe. But the doctrine itself tends, evidently, to debase the human personality and to change it into a gregarious animal ready to follow the appeal of the most selfish instincts. Illustrations of this fact may be found not only in the portraits of the Soviet citizens who are ready to accuse all their friends just to save their own skins—as *Russian Purge* depicts them—but also in Ripka's treatment of the memory of his dead Socialist friend, Edward Benes.

BOHDAN CHUDOBA

A genuine stigmatic?

THE CASE OF THERESE NEUMANN

By Hilda C. Graef. Newman. 162p. \$2.50

This book is aptly titled. It is not a biography. The whole presumption of the author is that the facts and striking phenomena of Therese Neumann's life are sufficiently well known. The issue here is not the rehearsal of the wonders associated with the richly publicized stigmatic, but rather the partisan literature that has split current opinion, even among Catholics, on the question of Therese's status medically, psychologically, even mystically. Is she a miracle-worker? Is her long-endured fast a proof of preternatural support? Is she a prophetess? Or is there some overreaching in the conclusions drawn from her startling experiences? When in trance, is she truly with God? These and similar speculations spring from the many books and pamphlets that bear wit-

ness to the wide and often breathless interest which her story has aroused.

Hilda Graef feels that this literary output, pious as it may be, is highly uncritical. She holds that the case for Therese made by a certain group of authors is unjustified by fact and proof. She believes that credulity has run far ahead of science and common sense and that a great deal of the exuberance should be tempered by reserve. Professing the deepest sympathy and respect for Therese herself, she doubts that the existing enthusiasm is warranted by anything firmer than assumption or guess. And so, supported by amazingly strong authorities, she endeavors to outline the reasons why we should all keep an open mind on the "case" until some solid proofs are forthcoming.

Citing her authors and proving their qualifications, she alleges that nothing so far has happened at Konnersreuth that cannot be duplicated by catalepsy, telepathy, hysterical neurosis or split personality. The trances, the stigmata, the clairvoyance, even the seemingly impossible fasting, all have their counterpart in other cases, where clearly the phenomena are traceable directly to hysteria. The arguments for hysteria and catalepsy in Therese are almost convincingly strong—so strong that only a violently-biased adherent would dream of belittling them.

When the investigation moves into the field of mysticism, where it has been carried by some over-ardent admirers, the case against Therese seems even more damaging. Hilda Graef realizes full well that she herself is walking practically on quicksand in this strange region. She is prudent enough to take as her guide St. John of the Cross, and to trust implicitly to his holy directives. The Church accepts those directives as sound, and discovers in the true mystic deep and constant humility, prayerfulness, mortification and patience. Judged by these standards, Therese comes off rather badly. She's a chatterer, it seems, voluble in self-justification, singularly lacking in devotion even to the Sacred Passion and professedly self-indulgent. The criticism of the author is sharp, perhaps even a bit shrill at this point, but we are asked to remember that it is pointed not at Therese herself, but at those authors who glorify her beyond her proved deserts.

Hilda Graef does not close this "case." She does inveigh incisively against those who have swept their readers to risky, even untenable conclusions. At times, she drives her own inferences pretty far. Some may doubt that she practices sufficiently the reserve she preaches.

R. J. McINNIS, S.J.

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RUSSIA'S SOVIET ECONOMY

By **Harry Schwartz**. Prentice-Hall. 592p. \$6.65

If the Soviet leaders are as wise as they claim and we sometimes fear, a Russian translation of this book will be on the desk of every Politburo member. This comprehensive and objective survey of the entire Soviet economy is unique. Professor Schwartz, the *New York Times* expert on the Soviet Union, has gone to the sources to present this clear, factual account of the Marxist theory, with its Leninist and Stalinist modifications, behind the Soviet economic system. He skillfully discusses the geography and natural resources of the Soviet Union and the state of the country's economy when the Communists took over. He then probes deeply into the organization and operation of industry, agriculture, foreign trade and finance.

It is impossible to mention a single facet of Moscow's state-run economy which has been neglected. Nor does Professor Schwartz content himself with presenting the facts. He clothes the bare statistical bones with shrewd observations and analyses of the significance of each building-block in the system. His conclusion is that Russia

has evolved "an integrated and viable Socialist state and economy" based on a "system of incentives and punishments" which serves the Communist state almost as well as the profit motive serves our American economy. He warns scoffers that the Soviet "accomplishments of the past decades"—and these have included huge rises in industrial and agricultural production—"would have been impossible if millions had not been persuaded that they were engaged in a crusade worthy of great exertions and great sacrifices."

In 1914 Czarist Russia occupied fifth place among the nations in industrial production, although her population was vastly greater than any of the first four countries. In 1950, despite a devastating war, Soviet Russia was in second place. Nevertheless, although the productivity of Soviet labor has taken large strides, there is still much ground to be made up before the Russian worker can rival his counterpart in the West.

Professor Schwartz dramatizes Soviet progress by observing that from 1913 to 1950, thirty-seven years, Russian industry developed to the same extent as American industry in the years between 1875 and 1910, an equivalent period. And Russia had to overcome two world wars and a civil war, lasting a total of 11 years, at the

same time—while the United States enjoyed almost unbroken peace.

But to accomplish this herculean task, Professor Schwartz reminds us, the Russians paid a high price which Americans were never called upon to meet. They lost the hope of individual freedom and civil rights—indeed they were transformed into industrial slaves and agricultural peons. Their standard of living in consumer goods, housing, services and food on the table is brutally low because their Government has chosen to produce a powerful military machine rather than a prosperous citizenry. In 1937 the Soviet consumer had a disposable income "roughly equivalent to that in the United States during the decade 1869-78," while production of the most essential industrial raw materials "was at approximately the level of United States output of these commodities in the first decade of the twentieth century."

Soviet Russia's rise in production has been marked by waste, inefficiency and error. Meanwhile the ruthless Communist ideology (which substituted coercion for the profit motive) has imposed on the Russian economy "a large bureaucracy and an army of watchmen of all kinds" who must be supported though they don't produce.

But despite the coercion and the single-minded concentration on the goal of military might, despite the Soviet forty-eight-hour work week, despite the fact that a much larger proportion of Soviet women than American women are in the fields and factories, despite the high American standard of living, the U. S. is out-producing the Soviet Union in every key industrial commodity.

Nevertheless, Soviet stockpiling of these essential commodities, plus Russia's gigantic military machine in being while ours is still in process of building, makes her a dangerous enemy. Still, Professor Schwartz believes that Soviet economic strength has not "yet reached such a point as to give the leaders of the USSR confidence of winning a protracted struggle against the United States."

Again and again Professor Schwartz returns to the evidence of the wretched lives led by the Soviet people as their unwilling price for the Politburo's military aspirations. Here, he says, the Communists are most vulnerable if we can reach their chained workers with the message that there are places in the world where men can buy the good things of life with their labor and not work like underfed brutes to create tools of destruction.

Professor Schwartz's book turns a pitiless and revealing light on our Soviet enemy's economy.

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PEACE CAN BE WON

By **Paul G. Hoffman**. Doubleday. 188p. \$2.50.

G. R. Brunst, foreign editor of NCWC News Service, has recently analyzed the problem of a positive American role in leadership for world peace with these enlightening comments and queries:

The people of Europe recognize the basically ideological nature of the East-West conflict. They are convinced—and, I believe, rightly so—that this conflict cannot and will not be decided by atom bombs or motorized divisions. They fear—rightly or wrongly—that our country is becoming more materialistic than the materialists of the Marxian school by over-emphasizing productive capacity, natural resources and the grocery-store standard of living.

America's physical strength is taken for granted in Europe. Nobody disputes that we can out-build, out-fly, out-produce the forces of the Kremlin. But, Europeans ask, can you also out-think and out-maneuver them? Can you beat them on the battlefield of ideas? Have you anything more concrete to offer than a shadow of "liberty" which only too often cloaks the substance of gross license?

One could rightly say that Paul G. Hoffman has pointed the way to the answers of these vital questions by a cogent and constructive series of proposals "to wage the peace." In this very short volume, the former ECA administrator sets forth a bold program for simultaneously "waging the peace" on the military, economic, political and informational fronts. The key to this sound albeit ambitious program is to be found in the answer to the query about America's fitness for leadership in the proposed peace offensive.

Mr. Hoffman, a self-confessed optimist, believes that America not only is but can be and will continue to be the leader despite the invidious sniping and rash partisan upheavels unfortunately darkening and destroying the unity of free people in the death struggle with the forces of totalitarianism. All of Mr. Brunst's questions can be answered with an emphatic yes, for Mr. Hoffman leaves no doubt that we can win the peace and restore order to the chaos of world politics.

To be sure, politicians will oppose this plan, but the sane and the sage will not quarrel with the bold and highly imaginative steps outlined by the author, who, it must not be forgotten is a scholar, a successful business man and an able public administrator. He argues for containment of the present struggle in Korea, lower tariffs, exten-

sion of the reciprocal trade program, effecting Point Four on a large scale, military and economic implementation of NATO, and above all for an aggressive international propaganda offensive against communism.

The over-all costs of the entire plan, he concludes, would only be slightly less than three billions out of fifty billions of dollars, the current rearmament costs. This is cheap at any price, and this book should be read by every responsible citizen as proof that there is a way to win the peace, provided our faith in America does not yield.

MATTHEW M. McMAHON

From the Editor's shelf

THE MORNING WATCH, by James Agee (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25). The largest part of this slender novel deals with a young boy's thoughts as he kneels in the chapel on Good Friday morning: his meditations, pondering the good and evil in his small world, his desires to be humble and heroic. To explore the spiritual aspirations and conflicts of a twelve-year-old boy, says *Mary Stack McNiff*, is a delicate and daring job. This book for mature readers succeeds, for it deals with "the basic conflict of the striving for sanctity, and there is great beauty in the telling of it."

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By **F. Desplanques, S.J.**

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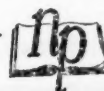
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THE NINE DAYS OF FATHER SERRA, by Isabelle Gibson Ziegler (Longmans, Green. \$3), is a somewhat imaginary account of the famous novena to St. Joseph made by Junipero Serra at San Diego in 1770 which preceded the foundation of the first Franciscan mission in California. Alice K. McLarney takes issue with the author's many inaccuracies of fact and certain phrases that fall gratefully upon the Catholic ear. These are regrettable, she says, because Miss Ziegler is genuinely sincere in her admiration for "the most beloved Spaniard in Mexico."

THE WORD

"So it is, I tell you, in heaven; there will be more rejoicing over one sinner who repents, than over ninety-nine souls that are justified, and have no need of repentance" (Luke 15:7, III Sunday after Pentecost).

She was a good Catholic nurse but she was a bit upset. She had been telling me about a notorious local racketeer who had been brought into her hospital full of bullets. He had promptly sent for a priest and supposedly, after settling his long account with God, had gone rocketing toward heaven as easily as that.

"It just isn't fair, Father," she said. "He shoots holes through the Ten Commandments all his life long, and gets saved at the very end. I struggle to keep them all these years and at that I can't even be sure I'll make it. It's unfair!"

She reminded me of the fellow in the next block. He had been parking his car under a "No Parking" sign for some time and getting away with it. Then he noticed a green Pontiac frequently parked there too. But the day came when he found a parking ticket attached to his windshield wiper. There was no ticket on the green Pontiac. In the succeeding weeks he was caught once more with a ticket and still the green Pontiac enjoyed immunity. The third ticket in the same circumstances made him breathe fire. At the precinct station he waved his hands in the sergeant's face. He demanded to know who this Pontiac owner thought he was. He loudly demanded equitable treatment under the law. But the sergeant gave him a cold eye and said: "The owner of that Pontiac is a World War II paraplegic."

My neighbor's face was very red. And I told the nurse the little story about him precisely because I was

afraid her face might be red at the Last Judgment.

This Sunday's gospel covers both situations nicely. Our Lord's parable of the shepherd who left the ninety-nine to go and find the one lost sheep indicates no unfairness to the ninety-nine. It just emphasizes His deep, tender and undiscouraged love for the one that was lost. And it assures us that, in the divine estimation, the finding of the lost is a matter for special rejoicing.

Now why should we be anything but glad that God should give to another the happiness He has already handed down to all of us who care to reach up for it? Would you really want that poor misguided gangster to go to hell, just so *you* could satisfy your sense of justice? I am sure the Catholic nurse wouldn't want that. No more than she'd want the paraplegic to be fined for illegal parking.

The trouble starts inside of us. Our tendency to selfishness makes us oversensitive about our supposed rights. And that leads to an undersensitivity to others' rights. We easily jump to the conclusion that someone else is getting better treatment than he ought to get, even when we cannot possibly know what treatment he really deserves. After all, God is the only one who knows him that well. If we really want to be fair we'll stop judging people whom God alone should judge. If we can come to that, we shall have no difficulty in rejoicing, like the angels in heaven, over the repentant sinner. It should be easy to be glad when more of a good thing is given away. DANIEL FOGARTY, S.J.

THEATRE

FLAHOOLEY. The New York Times recently published the results of a survey which disclosed what the writer described as "a subtle, creeping paralysis of freedom of thought and speech" among college faculties and students. University life, of course, is not the only area where diversity of ideas and opinions, a sign of health in a democracy, is giving place to a timid and not always sincere conformity. The whole scope of intellectual discussion, as well as public debate, is colored with caution and qualifications . . . "Now, don't get me wrong . . . I'm not a Communist, but . . ."

In the theatre, however, sturdy defenders of free expression and the right to criticize prevailing opinions and accepted community patterns continue to survive. Among the sturdiest

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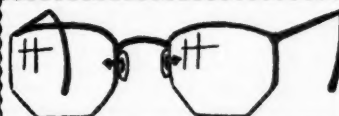
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JESUIT MISSION. I shall devote part of my
time during 1951, my Golden Jubilee
Year in the Society of Jesus, to helping
the Jesuit Mission in Belize, Central
America, erect a much-needed college
building. To my prayers to Francis Xavier
and the Little Flower, co-patrons of the
missions, you may add your financial
assistance. Rev. Jos. M. Kiefer, S.J., St.
Ferdinand Rectory, Florissant, Mo.

MISSIONARY PRIEST struggling to build
school; 115 Catholics in two counties of
85,000 population. Please help us! Rev.
Louis R. Williamson, Hartsville, South
Carolina.

THE BEST WAY to supplement pension
plans, read "What you should know about
investing." Box 111, Girard, Pa.

of them are E. Y. Harburg and Fred
Saidy, who wrote *Bloomer Girl* and
Finian's Rainbow, and have now come
up with *Flahooley*, presented in The
Broadhurst under Cheryl Crawford's
house flag. *Flahooley* is a not-too-gen-
tle treatment of American big business
in terms of melody and fun, with a
trivial but pleasant love story woven
into the satire.

The production was directed by the
authors, with important help from
Helen Tamiris, who staged the musi-
cal numbers and dances. Costumes
were designed by David Ffolkes and
Howard Bay contributed the lights and
sets. Miss Tamiris and Messrs. Ffolkes
and Bay have done an outstanding job
in making the production visually
beautiful. Sammy Fain wrote the score
that has the insouciance of festival
music, and Mr. Harburg delivered the
lyrics that are tender or romantic or
humorous, following the moods of the
story.

Most of the action occurs in a gi-
gantic toy factory, to which a delega-
tion from an Oriental nation brings
Alladin's lamp to be repaired. The
lamp has not worked for several cen-
turies, and a State Department official
implores the toy tycoon to undertake
the project to improve international
relations in the Middle East. The mag-
nate assigns one of his production men
to the job and in jig time the lamp is
working good as new. What follows is
a blend of social criticism and fantasy
in a carnival atmosphere of humor,
rhythm and color.

The state of the Union being what
it is, the social views of the authors
may not be palatable to the majority
of their customers, but there are com-
pensatory diversions that are practical-
ly certain to elicit more smiles than
scowls. Miss Crawford has assembled
an eclectic cast that includes seasoned
trouper like Ernest Truex and Edith
Atwater, along with such talented ju-
niors as Jerome Courtland and Barbara
Cook, reinforced with amusing novel-
ties that include the Bill Baird Marion-
ettes and Yma Sumac, the girl from
Peru with the wonder voice. The vari-
ety of talents might easily have re-
sulted in a theatrical goulash or broken
down into just a revue or vaudeville
show.

In *Flahooley*, the divergent abilities
are disciplined and welded by an order-
ly libretto that caricatures the eccen-
tricities of an economic system which
pours kerosene on potatoes in Maine,
to make them inedible, and imports
potatoes from Canada to relieve short-
ages of potatoes in Atlanta and Toledo.
To the genie released from Alladin's
reconditioned lamp, modern economics
is more fantastic than his experiences
as told in the glamorous pages of the
Arabian Nights.

Ernest Truex plays the toy tycoon
with a lot of savvy and Irwin Corey is
ingratiating as the genie out of the
lamp. Jerome Courtland and Barbara
Cook are as appealing as young people
in love always are and the Baird pup-
pets are deliciously comical. Yma
Sumac evokes gasps from the audience
with her marvelous voice, which is
said to have a range of four octaves.
The score includes some captivating
songs and some members of the chorus
have voices like divas.

Both thoughtful and gay, *Flahooley*
is a musical that will please mature
minds which have learned that a seri-
ous subject does not necessarily have
to be discussed with a serious face. Not
favored with the gift of prophecy, I
cannot predict that the show will be a
hit. I can only say it certainly deserves
to be one and have the long run that
hits win.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

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FILMS

GOODBYE, MY FANCY might be described as a romantic comedy with a message. A quite faithful adaptation of a successful stage play, it is concerned with what happens when a Congresswoman (Joan Crawford) returns to receive an honorary degree from a small woman's college on the twentieth anniversary of her expulsion from that institution. The romance is taken care of by providing two importuning suitors for the heroine. Number one is the president of the college (Robert Young), whose rise to eminence was made possible because twenty years before the lady took the rap alone for their joint indiscretion.

The third side of the triangle is occupied by the inevitable demon reporter from *Life* magazine (Frank Lovejoy) whose conduct, just as inevitably, alternates between the very rude and the very coy. For comedy the picture theoretically depends on sophisticated chatter equally distributed among the principals. In practice, however, Eve Arden, as the heroine's cynical secretary, is so much funnier than anyone else that she not only steals every scene she is in but also makes the rest of the cast look like her rather dull-witted straight men. The impression of simplemindedness conveyed by the leading players is augmented by the fact that the plot requires them to engage seriously in a debate over academic freedom and personal integrity, the premises of which are strictly out of this world. For this purpose the picture equips its college with an ostrich-like board of directors, a craven faculty and a naive but earnest student body whose eagerness to learn the truth about contemporary affairs has been shockingly betrayed by their reactionary elders. In this rarefied atmosphere the college authorities naturally forbid the showing of a wartime documentary compiled by the heroine, on the ground that its harsh realism would be bad for the students. It then becomes a matter of life and death that she force them to rescind the ban. The viewpoint of the picture (not the documentary which is only referred to) could probably be called muddled liberal, for while it is *adult* it is singularly unintelligent. (Warner)

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I. is a *family* melodrama which, as is obvious from the title, also has a message. Despite its unexceptionable purpose of denouncing communism and its basis in the personal narrative of a man who actually spent nine years

in the Communist party as an F.B.I. "plant," I am not sure that it is any more realistic or constructive than *Goodbye, My Fancy*. It tends to reduce party machinations to the level of standard cops-and-robbers violence. The Communists themselves emerge as stock villains who are distinguishable from the traditional gangster types only because they are made to speak a lot of thoroughly unlikable expository dialog designed to explain to the audience party maneuvers past, present and future. Granting that there are moviegoers still ignorant of well-publicized Communist techniques, the picture's appeal is to that audience's destructive emotion of hatred and not to their reason. It is more light and not more heat that is needed in the discussion of communism. (Warner)

ON THE RIVIERA gives Danny Kaye an opportunity to cut loose with the brightest group of his zany specialty routines for some time, and also shows

the 20th Century-Fox assembly line for Technicolor musicals functioning with its usual technical proficiency. Plotwise, however, it is a particularly unfortunate and tasteless attempt to blend the double identity, double entendre French bedroom farce with the Hollywood romantic formula.

MOIRA WALSH

CHARLES A. BRADY is chairman of the English department at Canisius College and weekly columnist for the *Buffalo Evening News*.

REV. R. J. MCINNIS, S.J. is spiritual director at St. Robert's Hall, Pomfret Centre, Conn.

BOHDAN CHUDOBA, a former member of the Czechoslovak Parliament who was interned by the Czech Communists, is now teaching at Iona College, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Att'n: Rep. Cox (D., Ga.)

EDITOR: A friend in New York wrote me asking whether he could send CARE packages of foodstuffs to me. Yes, you may inform your readers that they can send them on to me and I will have them distributed to our missionaries.

This kind of work will be of great advantage to the Church in India, where we Catholics form only one per cent of the population. If we are the first to start relief work among the starving masses, our non-Christian brethren will esteem us in the future more than they have done in the past.
(REV.) ALBERT Z. MUTHUMALAI, S.J.
Bishop's House, Padur P. O.
Madura City, South India

P.S. I heartily approve and encourage this appeal, which is all the more timely and urgent because of the famine conditions which prevail in certain parts of this diocese sorely affected by the drought. I have myself visited some parishes and found the living conditions of the affected areas appalling in the extreme.

(BISHOP) J. P. LEONARD, S.J.

Freedom in Colombia

EDITOR: It's refreshing to see a readable article on any of the South American countries in a U. S. magazine. The article on Colombia (AM. 5/5) was surprisingly sympathetic.

The title given to it, however ("Freedom progresses in Colombia"), may seem to hint that there has not been enough freedom in Colombia in recent years. Liberty is never to be confounded with license. The latter is what the recent measures taken by the Colombian Government have tried to prevent.

JORGE BETANCUER
West Baden Springs, Ind.

The American Novel

EDITOR: This AMERICA reader is tremendously pleased with the organization of the series of articles on the American novel. The series will, I am sure, be one of the most valuable contributions ever made under Catholic auspices to the criticism of the novel.

JAMES V. HAYES
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: Congratulations on the article by C. Carroll Hollis on Sinclair Lewis (AM. 4/28).

Critics of all nationalities and of all literatures too often write as though a

writer's work had been done in some man-size vacuum in outer space. Mr. Hollis has obviously learned the United States as well as its arts, and has carefully shown the pressure of a culture upon the artist.

I only regret that Mr. Hollis did not comment upon that remarkable pamphlet, *Kingsblood Royal*.

MARSHALL SMELSER

University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

Pius XII on World Government

EDITOR: Fr. Conway's article in the April 28 AMERICA is altogether splendid. It sets forth with admirable clarity and in full detail the overwhelming importance of the statement made by Pope Pius XII to the world federalist congress in Rome.

What His Holiness has said should go a long way towards strengthening our movement.

ALAN GREEN

New York, N. Y.

Bouquet

EDITOR: I have been reading AMERICA and the *Catholic Mind* for about a year now, and I consider them two of my best sources of information.

I also read the sports section of the *Chicago Tribune*—Heaven knows you couldn't believe the rest of it. I read two other secular dailies as well. But before I form my opinion on major current events—such as the MacArthur ouster—I wait until I get my weekly AMERICA in order to discover the truth behind the news.

God bless you. Keep up the good work.

FLOYD J. DEWEY

Janesville, Wis.

Migrant labor

EDITOR: Surely Castroville, Calif., must be an ideal place for "wetbacks," to judge from Geo. S. de Lorimier's letter (AM. 5/5).

But has Mr. de Lorimier ever been outside the city limits of that Utopia? Been to the Imperial Valley? Picked oranges? Done any back-breaking planting or weeding?

Has he seen some of the shacks the migrant workers call "home"—with their lack of necessary toilet facilities?

Why not face the facts? They're not too pretty, as others of us Californians have to confess. But let's at least admit them, and hang our heads in shame.

R. T. BRUGMAN

El Cajon, Calif.